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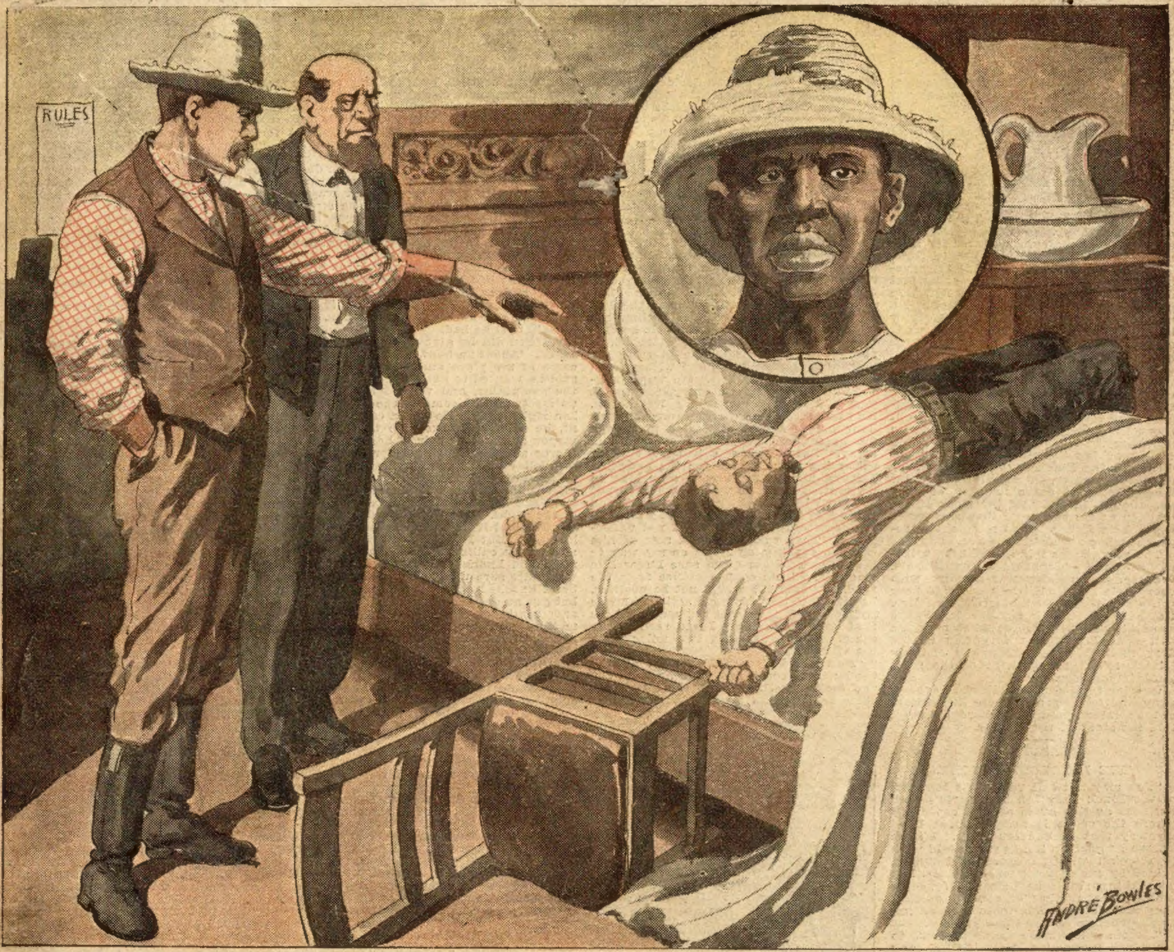

FETTERS OF GUILT

By WILL LISENBEE

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CHAPTER I.

AT MAPLETON.

IT WAS in the afternoon of a day in August. A young man of twenty-five or thereabouts, clad in a blue serge suit, and carrying a small hand satchel, stepped from the train at a small station in the midst of the Ozarks. He stopped in the shadow of the station house and stood for a few moments watching the train as it disappeared around a curve, leaving a long line of curling black smoke in its wake.

There was no sign of life about the place excepting that which emanated from the station agent, who had reentered the office and was energetically working a telegraph key before the open window. He was a quiet, morose young man, who wore an air of gravity that was in keeping with his probable conviction that the destinies of the road for which he worked rested on his shoulders.

The man on the platform deposited his satchel on a truck, seated himself, and lit a cigar. Dennis Quigley—for such was the young man's name—did not feel disposed to be in any hurry. The weather was intensely warm, and the long dusty road leading to the village of Mapleton, a half-mile away, did not look inviting, and there was no sign of any sort of conveyance in sight.

He sat watching the agent with languid indifference, his Panama hat set at a sharp angle on his head. Finally the agent ceased rattling the telegraph key, leaned back in his chair, mopped his face with a silk handkerchief, and threw a glance in the direction of Quigley.

"A warm day," observed Quigley.

The agent surveyed the speaker for a moment in silence, as if debating as to whether or not his position as an essential part of the railroad company required him to express an opinion. He evidently decided on a middle course, for he remarked that warm weather in the middle of August was not regarded as an exciting phenomenon in that region.

Quigley nodded good-humoredly.

"Just so," he commented. "I can now see the wisdom of your observation." He contented himself with gazing at the smoke from his cigar for a moment. "Didn't notice if any strangers got off here when the morning train arrived, did you?" he asked.

The agent regarded him with a look of suspicion.

"Are you a reporter?" he asked.

Quigley laughed.

"What made you think that?" he asked, seeing that it was in order to answer a question by asking another.

"Oh, I guess I know a reporter when I see him," the agent observed, with an air of wisdom.

"Then it is quite useless to try to conceal the matter from you," Quigley replied. "Are there any reporters at the village?"

"There is one. He tried his best to worm something out of me, but I guess he found out his mistake."

"No doubt about it," nodded Quigley. "Reporters, as a rule, are blundering blockheads that have not brains enough to avoid being offensive."

The agent's face softened and his eyes brightened.

"By George! you hit the nail on the head!" he said.

"I wouldn't annoy any one with questions," went on Quigley, "if he did not feel disposed to talk to me. I suppose you have been bothered a great deal with a lot of foolish questions since the tragic affair took place at the inn."

"That is right," agreed the station agent. "I have, but it did them no good."

"I can easily guess how you sat down on them," laughed Quigley. "Served them right. I'm not the one to annoy any one. Have a cigar. I think you will find these the real thing."

He extended a cigar case, and the agent took a cigar and lit it. He puffed at it, took a whiff of the smoke, and nodded. "It is the real thing," he said. "Thanks."

Quigley rose.

"I think I'll drop around at the village and see if there is anything doing," he remarked.

The station agent leaned a little forward.

"Do you stop in Mapleton over night?" he asked.

"That's the calculation," answered Quigley.

"All right. I'll see you again." He reflected a moment. "It may be," he added, "that I can put you next to a little inside information."

"I'll be glad. I had an idea from the first that you could do something of the sort. I fancy I am not a bad phrenologist. You ought to have been a detective."

The face of the station agent glowed with sudden pleasure. He came out and stood very close to Quigley.

"I don't mind telling you," he said, "that I am doing a little in that line."

"Ah!" ejaculated Quigley. "What did I tell you?"

The station agent colored with pleasure.

"Of course this is on the quiet," he said.

Quigley made a gesture with his open hand.

"That is understood," he assured. "And since you have honored me with your confidence, I cannot do less than extend the same courtesy to you. While it is true I am here in the interest of my paper, my main object is to solve the mystery of the murder of Mortimer Dent."

The station agent held out his hand.

"Good!" he exclaimed, as the two shook hands. "I welcome you. There promises to be room for us all."

"Well, isn't that the truth?" laughed Quigley. "So far, there is not a man working on the case that has come within a mile of any clew worth considering, according to my views. Yes, there is room for a goodly number of us. I shall be glad to consult with you at any time. Between us, we ought to run this mystery into a hole."

"We will," nodded the station agent with confidence. "I'll see you this evening."

He re-entered the depot and Quigley took up his grip and walked in the direction of the town.

The mysterious murder of Mortimer Dent at the Black Bear Inn a few days before had attracted widespread interest. Dennis Quigley, a reporter for a St. Louis daily, had been sent out to cover the case, and if possible, solve the mystery which was baffling the shrewdest detectives. Having been successful in unraveling the mystery surrounding a noted suicide case in St. Louis, Quigley had been dispatched to Mapleton to work on the Mortimer Dent murder case in the interest of the paper.

"If you can get through the fog that's wrapped about this affair," the managing editor told him, "and give us a scoop on all the other papers, it will be the biggest achievement of the year. Stay right there till you get a clew. Don't be in any hurry."

On reaching the village, Quigley went direct to the Black Bear Inn, where he engaged a room. Amos Bartwell, the landlord, was a garrulous man of fifty, and though he had told the story of the tragedy at the inn more than a score of times, he was in no wise reluctant to repeat it when requested to do so.

The story, as he told it, had been printed in all the newspapers throughout the country, and Quigley was familiar with every detail of it; yet he wanted to hear the story from the landlord's own lips. He had learned that there is always something new in a repeated story, some little detail that was forgotten in the first recital, which, though seemingly trivial, might prove to be of the most vital importance.

Quigley invited the landlord to accompany him to his room, where they would not be interrupted, and there Bartwell told the story of the murder.

CHAPTER II.

THE LANDLORD'S STORY.

"You may not believe it," the landlord of the Black Bear Inn began, "but such business as this hurts an inn, especially where the crime is hedged about by a mystery that no one can solve. I have known as good an inn as you would wish to stop at, with an excellent business, ruined by one of these murder cases. But such things can't be helped. If people will kill each other or commit suicide, they are just as liable to do it at an inn as anywhere else. So there you are.

"Mortimer Dent, the man who came to his death in my inn, was, if I am any judge of character, an inoffensive, honorable man. He was about thirty years of age, I take it, and was well dressed. He arrived at the inn at about seven-thirty in the evening, bringing considerable baggage, mostly a camping outfit, which, he said, he intended to make use of on an excursion into the hills. He engaged two of my best rooms on the ground floor, paying a week in advance, and made inquiries about a guide who was well acquainted with the country. He would be joined by some friends in the course of a week, he said, and they would then go into the mountains for a month's outing."

"Did he give the name of any of the friends he expected to join him here?" asked Quigley.

"No, sir, not that I can remember."

"He didn't mention whether there were to be any women among those he expected to arrive?"

"He did not say. He merely stated that he expected some friends from St. Louis to join him. He had his baggage sent to his rooms, and soon after he had eaten supper he went to his room. About this time a young man, shabbily dressed, wearing a slouch hat, and looking as if he might have been on an outing, arrived. He engaged a room, and entered his name on the register as Robert Smith. He arrived about eight, and saying he would want no supper, I showed him to a room.

"I asked him if he was one of the party which Mr. Dent was expecting to join him, and he said he was not."

"Did he appear to know Mr. Dent?" asked Quigley.

"I couldn't say as to that."

"Did he hesitate before answering your question?"

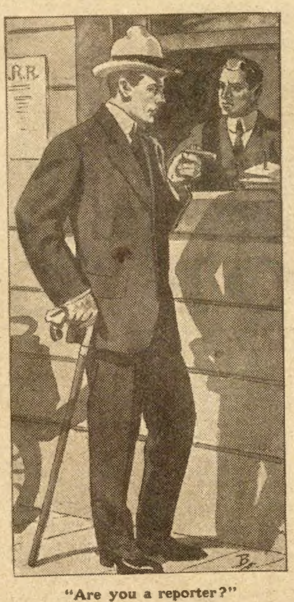
"I am not sure; but it seems to me that he did."

"Did he want to know anything about Dent?"

"He made no inquiries at all. He didn't talk much. I left him in his room and went into the office, where I read the papers for a while. Mortimer Dent came into the office and got some cigars soon after Smith had gone to his room. He spent a few minutes looking over the papers, but he seemed ill at ease. I am not sure that I noticed it at the time, but now as I recall just what he did, I am sure that he felt a bit nervous. That, however, was soon explained.

"He came to the inn, as I before said, at about seven-thirty. He did not come by the railroad, but by wagon in which his baggage was loaded. He explained that he had been out in the hills alone, and as he had received word from some friends who were coming out from St. Louis for an outing and wanted him to accompany them, he had decided to bring his traps and come to the village and wait for them here, as the place they had selected for their outing was further north. He had been camped on Willow Creek, about five miles from Mapleton, he explained, and had hired a farmer living near there to bring him and his effects to the village.

"He then asked if I had seen anything of a large negro during the evening. I told him I had not. He asked if there were any negroes in the village. I informed him that no negro had ever lived in Mapleton to my knowledge. 'My reason for asking,' he said, 'is because I had some trouble with one while at my camp on Willow Creek. I had noticed him prowling about the valley during the day. At first I supposed he was fishing, but happening to notice that the pole he carried had no line or hook attached, it roused by suspicions. He is fully six feet, of muscular build, and with an evil face that I did not like. He was disfigured with pox marks, and there was a very noticeable scar on his left cheek. He came strolling into my camp about an hour before sunset and tried to engage me in conversation, but I ordered him away. Later, when I had been away gathering some sticks for the campfire, I found him on my return crouching in my tent. I think he would have attacked me, but I brought my pistol into play and made him leave. He went away muttering something which I could not understand. That was the last I saw of him till this evening, as I was on my way to the village. I am quite sure I saw him among the trees some distance from the road. Of course I would not be positive, but the fact that from his actions he was trying to escape being seen, convinced me that it was the negro I had seen at my camp. That was some two miles from the village.'



"Are you a reporter?"

"He seemed disturbed over the affair," the landlord continued, "and he went out and took a walk through the town. He came back within a half-hour and went to his room. That was the last time I ever saw him alive. I think it was about half-past ten when I went to bed. My wife had retired a short time before. I was just getting into a doze when I was awakened by a cat that was in the room. I got up and let the cat out, and as I lay down again I heard the sound of voices coming from below. The sound came from the room occupied by Mortimer Dent, which was directly beneath the one occupied by my wife and me. I could not make out anything that was said. But some one was in Dent's room, and the two were conversing in a low tone. The only persons in the inn, excepting the two guests, were my wife, Mrs. Barley, our cook, and Mrs. Barley's daughter Milly, a girl of fourteen, so unless it was Smith who was talking to Mortimer Dent, I could not imagine who it could be. I became a bit disturbed over the matter. Probably it was due to Dent's story about the negro. Anyhow, I finally got up, drew on my clothes and went down into the office.

"The talking in Dent's room had ceased by this time, and after examining the doors to see that they were locked, I was about to return to bed, when Robert Smith, the young man who had engaged lodgings for the night, came in. He said he had decided to take the two o'clock train for the East, and asked for his bill. It was then a little past one o'clock, and after a few minutes' conversation, in which he made inquiries about the trains, he departed.

"I went back to bed, and for a little time thereafter I heard some one moving about in Dent's room. I soon fell asleep, but I had not slept more than two hours—I think it was a little past three—when I was awakened by a loud knocking at the door.

"I got up and went down. At the door I was met by Nick Bateman, a farmer living a mile from town. His wagon stood in front of the inn, and he stated that he had been directed to come here for a man by the name of Mortimer Dent, who wanted to go into the mountains with a camping outfit.

"I was a little puzzled at this, as Mortimer Dent had engaged his rooms for a week, and had given no intimation of leaving so soon. I asked Nick if Mr. Dent had left such orders with him, and he said that he had.

"'When did he give you the orders?' I asked. 'About an hour ago,' he says. 'He came to my place and woke me up and said he wanted to get an early start into the mountains, and wanted me to hitch up my team and come to the Black Bear Inn right away. He had a camping outfit, he said, and asked me to bring my wagon and a stout pair of horses. I knew it was no funny business, for here is the ten-dollar bill he gave me in advance.' I will admit that I was puzzled over the affair, and could not understand why Dent had changed his mind in the middle of the night. I had not heard him leave the inn, and if he had returned I did not know it. But I could soon set my mind at rest by calling Dent. I went to his room and knocked, but got no reply. I was quite sure that he had not returned, but I knocked again, louder than before, but got no answer. Then I called to him and continued to beat on the door—making noise enough to alarm the whole neighborhood. But there was no sign of life in the room. I reflected that it was not likely that he could have returned and gone to sleep after having made arrangements to go away, and I tried the door. It was locked. I then returned to theoffice where Nick Bateman was waiting and told him that I thought Dent had not returned, as he did not appear to be in his room.

"'Well, mebby he hain't got back yet,' Batman said. 'I reckon I can afford to wait.'

"We sat down in the office. Bateman lit his pipe and took a seat by the open door. I don't know why it was, nor can I explain it, but I was uneasy—just as if I had a dread of something I did not know what. It might have been that I was disturbed a little over what Dent had told me about the negro, but I felt uneasy and couldn't get rid of the feeling. I was restless, and told Nick that I would go back and try again to rouse Dent, if he was in his room, but if he had really been away, I could not believe that he had returned.

"I went to the door of his room, and after knocking and calling again and getting no answer, I told Nick to come and help me force the door. He came in and we both put our shoulders against it and pushed with all our might. The latch broke with a snap and the door swung open.

"There was no light in the room, and before entering I got a lamp and brought it. I went in ahead, carrying the lamp, while Bateman followed. The first thing we saw was the form of a man lying across the bed and there was something about it that sent a cold chill creeping over me.

"Bateman was standing close to my side, and as his eyes fell on the man he grasped my arm and sort of staggered back. 'Good God!' he says, 'look there!' and he pointed to a great stain of blood on the sheet. I looked at it and then at the man lying across the bed, and I tell you, I was sick at the sight. I never want to see such another."

The landlord paused and wiped the perspiration from his face.

CHAPTER III.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

"Mortimer Dent was dead," went on the landlord of the Black Bear, "and it needed but a glance to tell that he was murdered! He lay on his back across the bed, just as if he had been forced into the position, and blood everywhere. The room showed signs of a struggle, for the covers of the bed were dragged to the floor, a chair overturned, and a lamp upset. There was a knife wound in the man's breast, and over his garments a dark stain of blood.

"We were struck dumb by the awful sight, and as soon as we could realize what had taken place, I roused my wife and ran for the constable who lives just across the street. He came and placed a guard at the door of the room and sent for the coroner. That is about all the story, or my part of it. If you read the testimony given at the inquest you know about all there is to tell."

"Are you sure you heard no sounds of any struggle going on below in Dent's room?" asked Quigley.

"No, sir."

"Did your wife?"

"No, sir. But we had been kept awake a good deal before the thing occurred, and it is not strange that the noise did not wake us."

"What is your opinion about Mortimer Dent having left the inn and gone to Mr. Bateman's farm?" queried Quigley.

Bartwell's face wore a puzzled look.

"I can't believe that he ever left the inn," he said, at length. "It doesn't seem possible."

"Who, then, do you think it was that woke Bateman up and gave the orders for the wagon and team?"

"I don't know. It might have been some friend of Mortimer Dent's that we know nothing about. He never said as to whether there was any one else with him on his trip to the hills before he came to the inn."

"Did Bateman, after he had seen the murdered man, recognize him as the one who came to his farm for the wagon and team?"

"He couldn't tell anything about it. You see, it was dark as pitch when the man came, and he never saw his face. He merely gave his orders, thrust the ten-dollar bill into Bateman's hand, and put off back toward town."

"He did not see anything more of the midnight visitor?"

"Not a thing. He came on to the village and woke me up, expecting to find the man who had hired him at the inn."

"Suppose," said Quigley, "we go and take a look at the room occupied by Mortimer Dent?"

The landlord led the way, and Quigley was conducted into the room where Dent had slept. The room was on the ground floor, and there was a window opening to the north. There was a door connecting this room with the one adjoining, and Dent had taken both rooms. One had been used to store his baggage in and the other for a sleeping apartment.

The room occupied by Robert Smith was just across the narrow hall from Dent's sleeping room, and it would have been easy for the two to have had communication. It was generally conceded that Robert Smith had visited Dent in the latter's room before he left the inn, and more than one person had asked the question: Did Robert Smith commit the murder, and afterward go to the Bateman farm in the role of the man he had murdered? When asked for his opinion, the landlord said:

"I can't see how it could have been done. I am positive that I heard some one moving about in Dent's room some time after Smith had left the inn. I am just as sure of that as I am that I am living. Now if he had murdered Dent, the murdered man would not have been up and walking about the room a half-hour after Smith left. All the evidence shows that the murdered man never rose from the bed after he received the wound in the heart that killed him."

"But did it ever occur to you," interposed Quigley, "that Robert Smith, after leaving the inn, might have returned and committed the murder? Such an act might have been done in order to avert suspicion."

"That is true," agreed Bartwell, "but as the doors were locked, it seems hardly possible that he could have re-entered the house, have done the deed, and got away without being heard by some one in the house."

"I think you said that the window of Dent's sleeping-room was raised to admit the air on account of the heat, and that the window was covered with a common wire fly-screen. And I think you stated to the coroner that the screen had been broken from its fastenings, and that tracks were found under the window. Now what were your suspicions regarding the tracks?"

"Well, the tracks were those of a man—very large, I might say, and it seemed to suggest that the negro Dent mentioned might have had something to do with the affair."

"Did the tracks lead from, or toward, the window?" asked Quigley.

"They were all about the window, and might have been the tracks of one coming and going. They were indistinct, and could be seen here and there, in some places the toes turned one way and in others the opposite direction."

"Might not the tracks have been made by some one about the inn?"

"No; I think not. I measured the tracks and they did not correspond to the footprints of any one who has been about the inn as far as my knowledge extends. I hired Dodson, an old man living at the outskirts of the village, to mow the weeds and grass about the yard, but I don't know as he was near the window. In any case the tracks were not his."

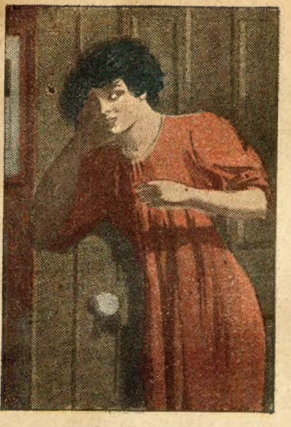
"Have you any idea as to whether the

(Continued on page fifteen.)

THE SECOND SON'S PLOT;

Or, A Brother's Perfidy

By Annie Brownlee



She crept close.

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CHAPTER XI.

THE following morning Mark was early astir. It was to be the last day of his bachelorhood, and a very busy one. As he was passing through the hall on his way out, he met Arthur, who had a suitcase in his hand.

"What, going away, old man?" Mark asked, in a voice calm and natural.

"Yes; I have business in the city for a few days," the other replied coldly.

"Sorry you can't be with us tomorrow," Mark forced himself to say.

"Oh, I dare say you will get along without me," Arthur replied, sullenly, a peculiar gleam in his dark restless eyes.

"Have you told mother good-by?" Mark asked, ignoring the other's words.

"No, I have not. I have no time to lose, if I would catch the 7:30 train to town."

"I should make time to say good-by, Arthur. She is dispirited and ailing. It will grieve her if you go without a word."

The other paused a moment, a half-ashamed, half-defiant look on his moody face. Then he set down his bag, and went silently up the stairs.

Mrs. Fanshaw was early astir, also, and was placing some linen in a box when Arthur rapped impatiently upon the door. In reply to her low "come in," he pushed the door open and entered.

In cold, measured tones, he told his mother that business required his presence in the city for several days; and with an indifferent good-by he was turning away.

"Arthur," she said, holding out her hand, her voice thrilling with love and emotion, "we must not part like this," and she leaned forward and touched her cold lips to his cheek.

He looked surprised and annoyed, and paled a shade of two but turned away without a word.

Twenty minutes later he was hurrying toward the station, when he met Grace returning from spending the night with a sick woman.

He lifted his hat, coldly, while Grace bowed, and was about to pass, when he said:

"I hear that you and Mark are to be married tomorrow." His voice was harsh and cold.

Grace bowed.

"You seem determined to ruin your life and his also," he said, bitterly. "By giving up this marriage you would save yourself and him a life of misery and disgrace. As surely as this marriage takes place, your two lives will be ruined—blasted! Good-by," and before she could recover sufficiently to speak, he was gone.

At four o'clock Mark returned from the mills. He went direct to his mother's apartments, for her pale, troubled face had been with him all the day.

There was no response to his knock, so gently pushing the door open he entered. The room was empty; no fire burned in the grate; some of the pictures had been removed from the walls. The table stood bare and empty; her few treasured books were gone; the room was chill, voiceless, and desolate.

What did it all mean? Mark stood on the threshold and took it all in at a glance. Something white and ominous-looking lay upon the stand by the bed. With shaking fingers he picked it up. It was a letter addressed to himself, and in his mother's well-known hand. He broke the seal and read:

"To My Dear Son Mark:—Do not grieve for me, but think of me as one who has found peace. I go today to the shelter and protection of the Church. I trust that you and Grace will make each other very happy. Good-by, my son; you may never know the day when this sorrowing soul will take its flight to the mansions above. Remember that your mother loves you always, and prays for you continually. From the hour you read this, think of me as dead, for I shall be dead to the world."

As Mark finished reading the letter, a moan escaped him. He turned silently and left the house. The empty chambers seemed to mock his misery, his steps echoed dismally. He took the road to the village, feeling that he must see Grace.

The air was cold and chill, but colder far was the heart within him. The wind sighed and moaned and to him all the world seemed weeping.

In Mrs. Renton's cozy cottage the fire burned brightly. Mark opened the door and walked in. His face was pale, and his eyes had a strange look; but he was calm, and spoke collectedly. He told them about his mother's disappearance, and gave Grace the letter left for himself. His voice was steady, and never a tremor told of the agony his soul was enduring.

Grace did not know what to say to comfort her lover. Mrs. Renton expressed sincere regret and discreetly withdrew, leaving the lovers alone.

Grace was silent for some minutes. What words of comfort could she give him? Death had its solace, but there was no comfort for death in life.

The lovers talked for nearly an hour, and when Mark rose to go Grace accompanied him to the gate. She recalled Arthur Fanshaw's threat. Should she tell Mark? She was on the point of doing so, when the weary, worn expression of his face checked her. Why add this to his other troubles. Surely his burden was sufficiently heavy.

Mark took Grace in his arms, and kissed the white upturned face; then he stepped into the street, and the gate closed with a sharp metallic click.

When Mark had gone, Grace stood leaning over the gate for some minutes. Presently approaching footsteps fell upon her ears. She lifted her pale little face. A man was approaching. It was surely Mark—he was coming back to speak to her again. But he passed without a word. Grace gasped, a thrill of fear shot through her. It was Mark's figure, his face his eyes, but not the clothes he had worn a few moments before. But it was Mark—of that she was sure—and he had passed her without a word.

The wind blew almost a gale. Overhead the clouds were scurrying across the moon, but Mark heeded them not. He went back to the Beeches, carrying with him a crushed and broken spirit. That his mother should leave his roof for the protection of another—no matter what that other might be—hurt him deeply.

When the servants had gone to bed, and the house was quiet, Mark went to his mother's room, and sat down beside the fireless hearth. No one will ever know what he suffered that night, for mortal tongue cannot tell it. He tried to face the terrible situation. Why had his mother shut herself away from the world? Surely her sorrow was not so great as that. Then he thought of Arthur's terrible accusation against his mother's honor. He remembered, also, that his mother of late had been seldom found in her favorite sittingroom. Had Arthur dared to persecute her, to make her life miserable? His teeth closed with a snap, and terrible words rose to his lips, but he forced them back. The terrible unreasonableness of his brother had driven their mother into a convent to seek peace. The thought was more bitter than death.

For hours he fancied his mother was by his side. First he was a little child grieving because he had lost a toy and hurt a knee. The toy was found and the knee kissed, and he was happy again. Then, he fancied he was ill, his little body was racked with pain and fever. No one could adjust his pillows, or smooth the wrinkles from the sheet as she could; no hand was so cool and gentle, no touch so soothing as mother's. Again, he was a few years older, and had fallen from his pony and sprained his ankle. No hand but mother's could apply the bandages without causing him excruciating pain. Then they stood together by his father's deathbed, each sharing the other's sorrow and trying to lighten each other's burden of grief. Then, lastly, he pictured her as she would appear at the convent, in a nun's cape and coif. But the thought was too terrible. He sprang to his feet—the dream was broken.

Mark hurried from the room. Surely the spirit of his mother still inhabited that deserted chamber. The perspiration stood in great drops upon his forehead. He snatched a hat from the rack as he passed hurriedly through the hall.

Black clouds hung heavily in a stormy sky, and now and then the moon peeped through them.

Mark took the road that led to the mills, and listened to the moaning of the wind through the trees. It sighed and whistled and wept and laughed, by turns, and seemed to interpret his own mood.

He walked on, not heeding where his footsteps led him. Soon the tall smokestacks rose before him like hideous black ghosts. In watching their outlines against the sky, his mind was taken from himself and turned to Grace. She was his all now. Life without her would be unendurable. A flood of emotion surged over his soul and in his heart he blessed her.

In the millyard he suddenly came face to face with Josiah Fraser, the old nightwatch, going his rounds.

"Good night to thee, Mark," he shouted above the roar of the wind.

"Good night, Josiah. How are you tonight? I hope you are feeling well."

"Fine, sir, fine! The clouds yonder look as though we would have a wee muck o' rain afore mornin'."

"It does, Josiah, it does," he replied, casting a burden away. He had spoken to a fellow creature, and the vision would trouble him no more. It had been only a disagreeable day dream, an idle fancy born of overwrought nerves.

He would go home and seek a little rest, before the duties of the morrow began.

CHAPTER XII.

He walked on. In the distance the dogs were howling mournfully. A black cloud floated in the sky, and at its back the moon sailed. A flying cloud crossed the moon's face, then its bright rays spread over the churchyard. The marble slab above his father's head, rose like a specter.

What unseen power had drawn him there? Was it meant that he should drink the cup of bitterness to its very dregs tonight?

Mark opened the gate and entered the churchyard. The night dew lay cold upon his cheeks and the tears started as he knelt by his father's grave.

Was it strange that at that moment, when all the earth looked black and desolate; when reverence for a father's memory and love learned at a mother's knee were almost forgotten—was it strange, then, that peace should fall upon him there?

The voice of an angel seemed to whisper in his heart: "Grieve not; thy mother is at peace."

The horror of his thoughts had vanished. They would return no more. He went home and slept peacefully.

* * * * *

In the W—— house in Ottawa Mr. Blackburn and Arthur Fanshaw sat in earnest conversation.

"You are quite determined upon your terrible revenge?" the lawyer asked. "Will nothing turn you aside?"

"Nothing, my dear Blackburn! The woman I love has scorned me. Her love has been given to my elder brother. It has always been the same. Mark gets everything. If it were not for him, I would have been my father's lawful heir! Were it not for him, I should have won the woman I love!" he cried, bitterly. "She has spurned me, Blackburn, and he has taken the place that should have been mine; and for it they both shall suffer!" and his face grew dark and threatening.

"But Mark is not responsible for being the elder son, and to do him justice, I must say, if he had been the younger son, he would have accepted his position without useless regrets. As for Grace, love cannot be compelled, you know."

"See here, Blackburn, you may as well cease that lingo. They two must suffer the very tortures of hell. The woman dared to spurn my love. There are only the ashes of a dead love in my heart at this moment. She will learn what love turned to hatred means," and he laughed, and his voice surely had the echo of Satan in it. "You have gone too far in this affair to turn back now, Blackburn," he sneered.

"But have you thought of the danger? It means Kingston for you and me if we are discovered."

"There is practically no danger; and if there were floods of fire to wade through I should not turn back now."

"Very well, then, but remember, if you find yourself in a prison cell, it will be your own unreasonable thirst for revenge that has placed you there. You will have only yourself to blame."

"Ha! ha!" laughed Arthur Fanshaw, but the laugh was strained and mirthless.

The lawyer shivered.

"Have you arranged for that meeting with Mark Heriot?" Arthur asked.

"Yes; you are to be at his mother's house at ten tonight."

"Good! Now, about the girl—Hope. I suppose it would be policy for me to go to see her. She must be kept quiet and out of sight just now," he observed thoughtfully.

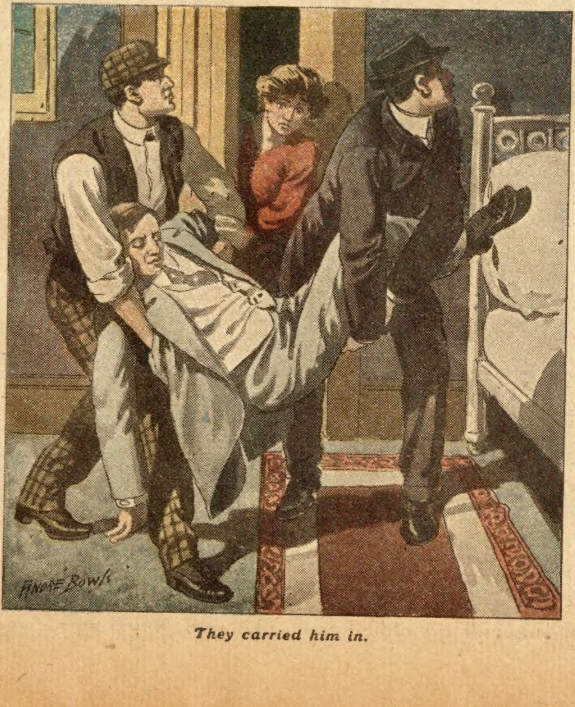
"Yes, I should advise you to see her at once, else she might prove troublesome. That reminds me that Mrs. Conroy thinks we ought to send her to a quieter place. She keeps a rooming-house you know and just now the business seems to be thriving. Her house is full, and certainly is not a desirable place for the girl. She is liable at any time to encounter some one who knows her."

"She must be moved, then, without delay. See to it, Blackburn, that a suitable place is found for her at once. We must take no unnecessary risks, you know."

"Mrs. Conroy has a widowed sister, who lives somewhere in Lower Town, who would be willing to take the girl."

"The very thing, Blackburn!" the other replied.

Two hours later Arthur Fanshaw called at Mrs. Conroy's rooming-house. His ring was answered by Mrs. Conroy herself.



They carried him in.

"You have a girl called Hope Fraser staying here, I believe?" he asked.

"Yes, sir. Will you please step in," and the woman scanned his face keenly.

A door on the left was thrown suddenly open, and Hope, pale and trembling, rushed out. A moment later her arms were about his neck and she was sobbing hysterically.

Mrs. Conroy hastened them into the room which Hope had just left, and after cautioning the girl to be calm and to cease her tears, she left them.

"He doesn't seem overmuch glad to see the little thing," she muttered, as she went slowly away toward the kitchen. "But it is always that way."

As soon as Hope had calmed herself sufficiently to speak, she said: "Oh, Arthur, I thought you were never going to come to see me! I thought you had forgotten," and she clung to him piteously.

"You silly child! How could I forget you?" and for a moment he tenderly patted the little head. "I have been very busy, Hope. I had to neglect my work to come here today."

"I am so glad you have not forgotten me," she said, smiling through her tears.

"You must not get such silly ideas into this little head of yours," he replied kindly. "But you are looking poorly, child. What is it? Have you been fretting?" and his face clouded just the proper degree.

"Oh, Arthur, I have been so terribly homesick and so awfully lonely, and you were so long coming. Sometimes I thought I must go back to dad again."

"Poor darling!" he said, with well assumed tenderness. "I never thought you would be so lonely." To himself he was saying: "I have come not a moment too soon. Blackburn was right. She would have been troublesome."

"But you will not be so lonely now," he said. "I will come again soon."

"No, I won't mind it so much now. I know you have not forgotten me," she answered bravely.

"Good little girl," he smiled. "You will soon be well and happy again."

"And you will come and take me home and explain it all to them?" she asked, wistfully.

"Didn't I tell you I would before you came here?" he asked, reproachfully.

"Yes, yes, of course you did," she answered quickly, trying to smile.

"You must trust me, Hope, and do as I say, and all will soon be right again."

"Yes, I do trust you, Arthur, I should die if I didn't," she moaned.

"That's right, little one," he said, "now listen, Hope: This house is no place for you. Would you not like to go and live with Mrs. Conroy's sister in Lower Town?"

"I should like that," she replied, her eyes brightening. "The people here stare at me so, and say such rude things, especially the women."

For a moment a peculiar light gleamed in his eyes, and his face grew set and stern. Was he pitying the innocent child whom his brutal passions had brought to such ruin and ridicule?

"In a case of this kind it is always the women who are the hardest. They prate about women's tender hearts and redeeming love, but it's all tommy-rot. They are cruel and heartless where their love is really needed," and his face was set and hard.

They talked for some few minutes longer, then he rose to go.

"But you will come again soon?" the girl asked, timidly.

"Yes, I will come again soon. A carriage will be sent for you tonight. Don't come to the door. Good-by!" and he was gone.

CHAPTER XIII.

On Grace Renton's wedding day, the sun rose bright and glorious, and gave promise of ideal weather. The wedding was a very quiet one. The neighbors and tenants had intended giving the young people a pleasant surprise, in the shape of a serenade, but the recent tragedy in the groom's life deterred them.

They were married in the village church, in the presence of a few relatives and friends. Then all drove quietly to the Beeches, where supper awaited them.

The bride and groom had intended going on an extended visit to New York and other American cities, but the recent disappearance of the groom's mother had caused them to change their plans and the trip was delayed indefinitely.

A week passed and Mark and Grace had settled down to quiet wedded bliss. Mark's days were taken up at the mills, while Grace's were spent in beautifying her new home.

It was a happy never-to-be-forgotten week. In the dark days of the future, they would look back upon those seven days as the happiest of their lives—a foretaste of Paradise.

The clocks were striking six as Mark entered the hall, a perturbed look on his handsome face. Grace had put on a brown silk gown that suited her dainty loveliness exceedinly well. For the last half-hour she had been anxiously awaiting Mark's return. As the front door opened and his step sounded in the hall, she went to meet him, all the love of her young heart shining in her eyes. He took her face between his hands and kissed it tenderly.

"I have been waiting for you for the last half-hour, Mark. But what is the matter?" she asked, noting the anxious look on his face.

"My dear, I may have to leave you for a day or two. My presence is required in Ottawa at once. I have money invested there, you know, and I received a message this afternoon to come at once."

"If that is all, you need not look so troubled," she answered, laughing.

"But I hate to leave you, if only for a day," he replied, placing a strong, tender arm about her waist.

"I know, dear, but we can't help it; and you will not be long gone," she answered.

"You brave little woman!" he cried admiringly. "I shall be back tomorrow night. I will ask your mother to come and stay with you until I return. I must hurry if I would catch tonight's train."

An hour later Grace stood on the depot platform and waved farewell to her husband as the train steamed away toward the city. She watched it until it was out of sight; then a great lump rose in her throat and nearly choked her. The distant shriek of the engine seemed to her a last farewell. Her eyes grew misty, her steps tottering. Why had she let him go, or if he must go, why had she not gone with him? With dazed eyes, and uncertain steps she turned toward the carriage. People were looking at her strangely, half pityingly, she thought. She took her seat in the carriage, Ned cracked the whip, and the horses started off at a brisk trot. When Grace reached the Beeches, she found that her mother was already there.

As the train steamed away toward the city, a vague feeling of unrest took possession of Mark Fanshaw. A feeling of impending evil lay heavy upon his soul. It was as though a hand of ice had clutched his heart and held it in a frozen grip.

He thought of Grace. Surely it had been unwise of him to leave her behind. It was almost cruel to part from her so soon. If anything should happen to her during his absence! Then he laughed—the thought was so utterly silly. Mrs. Renton would be there, and would see that no harm befell Grace. He tried to laugh at his fears and drive them away. But they kept coming back to torture him.

It was with a sight of relief that he alighted from the train at Ottawa. As he entered the depot, almost the first person he met was his brother Arthur.

"Mark!" the latter cried, in well-feigned surprise. "You are about the last person I should expect to meet here in town. Are you alone?"

"Yes, I am alone. Roberts sent me an urgent message this afternoon, so I came by the last train."

"You won't be able to see Roberts till tomorrow. He took the car for Aylmer about an hour ago."

A look of annoyance crossed Mark's face. "I thought to see him at once, and save time."

"Where are you going to put up?" Arthur asked.

"I don't know. I usually stay at the King Edward."

"Better come to the Grande. I am staying there. It's a decent sort of place."

"All right, to the Grande then."

They hailed a cab, and a few minutes later were rattling over the paved streets of the city. The two brothers had a late lunch together, and then set out for a stroll.

Mark wondered meanwhile at the friendliness of his brother, but set it down to a change of feeling, and was determined to meet him halfway in any friendly advances.

They strolled down Sparks street to the Parliament Buildings, and took a turn around the "lovers' walk" then on to Bank street, and so on for a half-hour. Then Arthur suddenly remembered a forgotten engagement.

"By Jove!" he cried, suddenly pausing in his walk, "I promised to run around and see Gilroy this evening. You remember Gilroy who went out to South Africa and lost both legs?" he inquired of Mark.

"Why, yes to be sure. I did not know he was in the city though."

"Just returned a few days ago, and is staying at a house in Lower Town. What do you say to taking a run down to see him?"

Mark hesitated for a moment. He was thinking more of Grace than of South African veterans.

"The night is young yet," the other continued. "Ten minutes' ride on the cars will bring us to the place. We won't stay long."

"I suppose it will only be cheating sleep an hour or two," Mark replied, with a yawn.

A few minutes brought them to the house, and in answer to their ring a middle-aged woman appeared. She seemed nervous and excited, and started at sight of Mark.

"Is Mr. Gilroy in?" Arthur asked.

"Yes, he is in his room," the woman answered.

"Tell him Mr. Fanshaw has called to see him. But wait a minute. Have you anything in the house to drink?"

"Yes, sir, there is plenty of water in the tap in the kitchen," she answered, with a grin.

"See here, my good woman, I didn't mean water. I know you keep a drop now and then. We are quite safe, I assure you. Come, make haste."

A moment later a bottle of wine and another of brandy were set on the table, with glasses, and the woman quietly withdrew to notify Mr. Gilroy of their presence, as Mark supposed.

"Let us drink to your future happiness, Mark, and that all differences between us may be forgotten. What will you have?"

"Now, Mark was a strictly temperate man, but he could not refuse to drink with his brother when asked in such a manner. He chose the wine, and only half-filled his glass.

"Tut, tut, man! You must drink a generous glass to such a generous toast!" Arthur cried, grasping the bottle and filling the other's glass. "I will have brandy. Wine always disagrees with me," he added, filling himself a brimming glass.

The glasses clinked. Then each drained his glass, and when they set the glasses down, Arthur Fanshaw's eyes had a peculiar glitter. He drew two cigars from his pocket, and examined them closely, then handed one to Mark.

"May as well light up while we are waiting for Gilroy," he observed.

Gilroy seemed tardy in coming. Mark began to yawn, his head dropped on his breast. He tried to shake off the stupor that was creeping over him. He rose to his feet, tottered toward the door, then staggered and fell.

CHAPTER XIV.

As Mark Fanshaw fell senseless to the floor, Arthur crossed to his side and stood looking down upon the face that would not have been whiter in death. A diabolical smile played about his lips, then settled in the eyes.

"Mark Fanshaw!" he cried, exultingly. "It were better for you if you were dead! But that would suit my purpose not at all. You will live and suffer as man has never suffered before," and he stood gloating over his victim. He prodded him roughly with his foot to make sure he was fully under the influence of the drugged wine. Then he turned away. He pushed open a door on the left, and entered a small room, furnished as a diningroom.

"Hello, Blackburn!" he cried, "you're sharp on time. Didn't expect you for an hour yet. By George! It was an easy job," and he laughed boisterously. The brandy was beginning to be felt.

"Everything all right?" the lawyer asked, his constant smile broadening into a grin.

"Couldn't be better," the other replied. "He will be dead to the world for hours."

Just then the landlady entered the room and looked worried.

"I forgot to tell you gentlemen, that ye must keep very quiet. I have a sick lady lodging with me. She doesn't sleep very well, and may complain if disturbed."

The two looked at each other uneasily.

"You should have told us you had a lodger, my good woman," the lawyer said.

"I forgot to mention the lady, sir. But she is abed hours ago. She won't be in yer way, only ye must not disturb her."

"In what part of the house does your lodger room?" Arthur Fanshaw asked.

"In the front room on the right. It is the farthest away."

"Have you any other lodgers?"

"No, sir, I have not. There is only the young lady in the house."

"You go and turn the key in her door and we'll promise not to disturb her," Arthur Fanshaw said.

The old woman went laboriously up the stairs, and quietly turned the key in her lodger's door. But she was locking an empty room.

Arthur Fanshaw's loud, boisterous greeting of the lawyer was surely intended by fate to wreck his plans, and to bring down vengeance upon his own head. For neither of them suspected that Mrs. Heriot was Mrs. Conroy's sister.

Hope Fraser had been removed from Mrs. Conroy's rooming-house to her sister's house in Lower Town. The girl had been in bed for hours, but a strange wakefulness was upon her. She was thinking of Arthur Fanshaw—dreaming of the happy future, when he should come and bring her home, painting vivid pictures of the time when he would be always by her side.

The doorbell rang, and she started violently. Someone had entered the house. Then for a time all was silent. She was just dozing off when Arthur Fanshaw's loud voice rang through the silent house. She sprang out of bed, her limbs trembling and her breath coming in gasps.

"Surely that was his voice!" she cried, clinging to the bed head for support. She listened intently, but all was still again. "Surely there are not two people who laugh like that! No, it was he, I am sure. He said he would come again soon. I must dress, for he will be sure to want me."

Hope Frazer hurriedly slipped on her clothes, then quietly left the room and leaned over the dark banister, to listen for his voice again.

A soft step sounded on the stair. It was Mrs. Heriot. Hope was about to speak, when something seemed to hold her back. The woman went silently on—too silently the girl thought—and paused before the door of the room Hope had just left. By straining her ears she caught a soft click, as the key turned in the lock. Then the old woman went slowly down the stairs again.

For a moment Hope was almost too frightened to stir. "Why did the woman want to lock me in?" she asked herself. She leaned far over the banister and listened intently. A faint murmur of subdued voices came to her ears. Then one spoke louder than the rest. The girl trembled and grew pale.

"It is he!" she murmured. "But why don't he ask for me? Why should Mrs. Heriod want to lock me in?" And she choked back sobs of disappointment.

The voices in the room below continued, but she could not hear what was said. Presently she stole softly down the stairs. All was in utter darkness, save for a thin streak of light under the door. Scarcely realizing what she was doing, and only remembering that the man she loved was behind the closed door, she crept close and listened.

There was no doubt now. It was Arthur Fanshaw who was speaking. Then there was another voice that she recognized as Blackburn's.

"Have you seen Hope Frazer?" the lawyer asked, presently.

"Yes, and I didn't go a moment too soon. The little thing actually spoke of returning home."

"I was afraid she might give us trouble," the lawyer broke in. "I hope you convinced her you meant well," and he laughed jeeringly.

The words and laugh made the poor girl's face burn with shame.

"I think I quieted her fears for a time. Silly little goose! As though I would ruin my whole life by marrying her! She is only the old 'night-watch's' daughter," and he laughed contemptuously.

There was silence for a few minutes, and Hope could hear the beating of her own heart.

Then the lawyer said: "Is it not time the fellow was here? It is growing late."

Just then the doorbell rang again. Hope started up and crept trembling up the stairs. Instead of going to her own room, she entered a large room on the left and sank in a heap on the floor.

How long she lay there she never knew. The first sound she heard was that of footsteps coming along the hall. They came slowly and laboriously as though carrying a heavy burden. Then a voice said: "Come this way." It was Mrs. Heriot who was speaking. The light streamed into the room from the panel over the door. Hope had just time to crawl into a closet and close the door, when they entered the room.

The room was Mrs. Heriot's own. In the closet hung a number of skirts and petticoats. Hope rose to her feet and pulled the garments about her. A crack in the closet door gave her full view of the room.

The first to enter was Mrs. Heriot carrying a lamp. Then came Arthur Fanshaw and a man she took at first for Mark Fanshaw. Between them hung the form of a man. At first Hope thought him dead, but she soon learned the secret of his apparent lifelessness.

"We must hurry before he comes to," Arthur Fanshaw exclaimed, in a guarded tone. "He'll not come to for some time yet, though, I should imagine."

As the head touched the pillow the face of the unconscious man turned toward the closet.

Hope gasped and clutched the garments on the wall. Unconsciously she leaned forward against the closet door and it squeaked slightly.

"What's that?" the man she first took for Mark Fanshaw cried.

"Nothing, you ass!" the other answered. "Come, brace up and be a man!"

"A manly occupation, this!" the other retorted angrily.

"Almost as manly as robbing old men and women, eh?" the other sneered.

"You have me solid, old man. But I have no taste for the job, that I haven't."

"If you would prefer a term in the Central, just say so. It is not too late yet, you know."

"I have no hankering for the Central, I haven't," the other replied, in a surly tone.

"You had better act sensibly then. It is either this or a free trip to Kingston," Arthur said sternly, gazing into the face that was almost an exact counterpart of that of the man who lay so helpless on the bed. If you change places with the man on the bed, you will have wealth, position, and a life of ease, and an honored name will be yours. If you remain Mark Heriot, you will be sent up for highway robbery. You must choose between the two, and be quick about it." Arthur's voice was cold and steely.

Mrs. Heriot set the lamp on the stand and stood shivering near the door. Mark Heriot's face was dark and sullen.

"You know I can't help myself. I have got to be Mark Fanshaw," he answered.

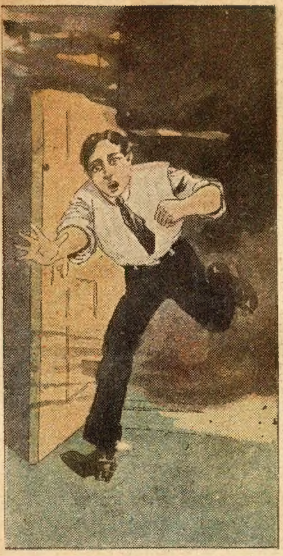
"Very well, then. We understand each other." To the woman he said: "We will not need you any more, Mrs. Heriot," and with visible relief the old woman went out, softly closing the door behind her.

Hope's eyes were fixed in horror upon the still, white-face on the bed. There, in a stupor that was twin brother to death, lay Mark Fanshaw, and over him bent a face that would have passed for his own anywhere. Two faces cast by nature in the same mold, yet there was a difference. One was white, serene, and peaceful. In the lines of the face there were strength, purity, and will power. The

(Continued on page ten.)

Among the Flames

A TRUE STORY. By Augustin W. Breeden



"Get back upstairs!"

WHEN a crowd of human beings loses all sense of courtesy and of the rights of fellow beings it becomes a crowd of mere beasts. That is what came near occurring in a certain fire in one of our great American cities two years ago. I was in that fire and saw human nature at its worst and best, and I came out of it a stronger believer in humanity than ever before.

Eighteen of us young people, fifteen young women and three young men, were at work on the fifth floor of a building occupied by three companies. The first and second floors were leased by a company dealing in paints, oils and varnishes; the third and fourth floors by a business college; while a mail-order house, for which we on the fifth floor were working, occupied the two top floors. The commercial college opened at half-past eight in the morning, and from that time on till four in the afternoon hundreds of pupils swarmed through the building. I shudder to think what would have taken place had the fire occurred after that hour instead of shortly after seven in the morning, as it did, when only a few of us early arrivals were in the building.

I was working near a window which opened on the street and was one of the very first on our floor to learn of the fire. The first I knew of it was when I heard some one in the tall building across the street cry out, "Look over yonder!" I turned and saw a dozen anxious spectators crowding the windows opposite me. They were all looking toward a lower floor of our building.

"It's us, isn't it?" said Miss Dwight, the manager's assistant, coming quickly but quietly to my desk. She had seen and heard the same that I had; but the others, deep in the first plunge of their morning's work, were not aware of anything wrong.

Miss Dwight was a very masterful sort of person, and I felt that she would do the very best thing without any advice from me; so I merely nodded, yes, and said nothing. Giving me a look of intelligence, she stepped across the wide, open room and rang for the elevator. As she waited I could see that she was watching the indicator and the cables. She rang again; and I got up and walked over to her side, my heart going like a riveting machine with suppressed excitement. The indicator showed that the car was at a standstill on the first floor. Miss Dwight told me that it had not moved since she had come over there.

"The elevator boy's a coward; I've always known that. Ring again!" I said.

She rang a third time, so violently that two or three of the young women looked up from their work. Some of the others were looking across the street to learn the cause of the excitement; and Kidd Mabrey, a boy who had been reared in the street and whose ambition, honesty and efficiency had won him the place of Miss Dwight's most trusted assistant, was looking at her with a look that plainly said: "If you need help, speak out." At this third call the cables of the elevator began to move, and the car came quickly up to the third floor. There it stopped for a moment, and Miss Dwight began to ring again. But it was in vain, the car dropped quickly back to the first floor and the indicator came to rest. Miss Dwight turned deathly white. "They're not coming!" she said.

All this occurred in seconds, not minutes; but already there was a strong smell of burning varnish in the room, and everybody was on his feet, asking excited questions of everybody else. Just then we heard the freight elevator go rattling down, no doubt with the entire force from the freight rooms above, upon it. There was no time to wait for its return, even supposing that any one upon it would care to run the risk of bringing it back for us.

"Girls," called Miss Dwight, and her clear voice did not betray a particle of the agitation that I knew she felt; "there is a little fire in the building. We will go down the steps and not wait for the elevator. Follow Kidd Mabrey and me, and don't be foolish."

While she was speaking the thermostat door, a contrivance which closes the elevator shaft from top to bottom automatically as soon as the heat on any given floor reaches a certain intensity, slammed into place. It is hard to describe the scene which followed Miss Dwight's announcement. There were cries and tears and ejaculations, but some semblance of order prevailed, and we were soon going down the broad stairway at a good clip with Miss Dwight and Mabrey in the lead and Ralph O'Neal, my right-hand desk mate, and myself bringing up the rear.

A hot breath kept puffing up into our faces as we went down, and by the time we had reached the third floor half the girls were hysterical with fear. One big blonde doll from the mailing rooms tried to faint on the stairs. I knew of only one remedy in that pinch, and I applied it to her jaw with my open hand. O'Neal was shivering as if he had a chill, and one of the girls, a big dark Jewess, rebuked him for his lack of nerve.

As we started down to the second floor we were turned back by the billowing heat and suffocating smoke and gases. Twice we made the start, amid such screaming and praying as I hope I shall never hear again while I live, and twice we were driven back. While we huddled together, desperate and not knowing what to do, Mabrey broke away from the crowd and ran across the room and down the long hall to the fire-escape at the east end of the building. As soon as we others realized where he had started we followed after him as far as the hallway, only to meet him running back.

"No good!" he panted. "Get back up the stairs! The firemen will be here for us in a minute or two; I heard the wagon coming!"

As he and I hurried along, side by side, up the stairs, he explained breathlessly to me that the flames from the floor below were pouring out right between the rungs of the old-fashioned ladder fire-escape. It evidently did not occur to him then, just as it did not occur to any of us, that there was another fire-escape at the opposite end of that long hallway by which we could probably have reached the ground in safety. Some one thought of it later—alas, too late.

In a moment we were again on the fifth floor, and O'Neal and three or four young women, dashing ahead of Miss Dwight, ran hastily across to the front of the building, where they thought the firemen would place their ladders, and set up a terrific scream for help. The rest of us followed at their heels, some of us protesting and trying to get them to come back. If we had long to wait for the firemen the top floor was the place to wait. But it was no use to argue; those who had once got to the windows could not be persuaded to come away.

The streets below were thronged with excited people, and already water was pouring into the building from a half-dozen hoses. For some reason or other, however, the firemen seemed unable to put up their long extension ladder and reach us. In the billowing steam and smoke we could not make out what was the trouble, but they seemed to have got afoul of some heavy wires, or rather small cables, in front of the building.

"Come on to the top floor!" shouted Kidd Mabrey for the twentieth time. "We'll wait for the firemen up there!"

It was beginning to get uncomfortably warm where we were, and the smoke and steam were stifling. But we could not get those people away from the windows. They were absolutely frantic. As soon as we could drag one bunch away, another set would rush up and take their places. Finally all of us who had some remnant of our wits left about us started running toward the stairway, shouting, "Come on, everybody!" That drew every one away but four girls. Mabrey and I turned back and tried to get these four to come away, and came near losing all that we had gained. We drew two away, it is true, but at the same time lost four from our crowd. Then we all left those six in the windows to an uncertain fate and hurried above. Miss Dwight wanted to stay with them and share their fate, but Kidd and I showed her that if we delayed much longer all might be lost, and she came away with us.

"The firemen may get those few," cried Kidd; "but they'd never have time to let us all off that floor before the flames got there."

We reached the top floor in safety, but it was so full of choking gases and smoke that we ran at once to the east side and got out on the landing of the fire-escape. The fire-escape was on a court and alley, and it was only about twenty feet across to the building on the other side, and safety. It was tantalizingly near, and we stretched out our hands to those on the other side and prayed them for some sort of help. Although we kept up a continuous screaming and clamor, the firemen and the people in the street seemed oblivious to our existence.

"We must get back to the front so they'll see us!" cried Miss Dwight, still her old masterful self.

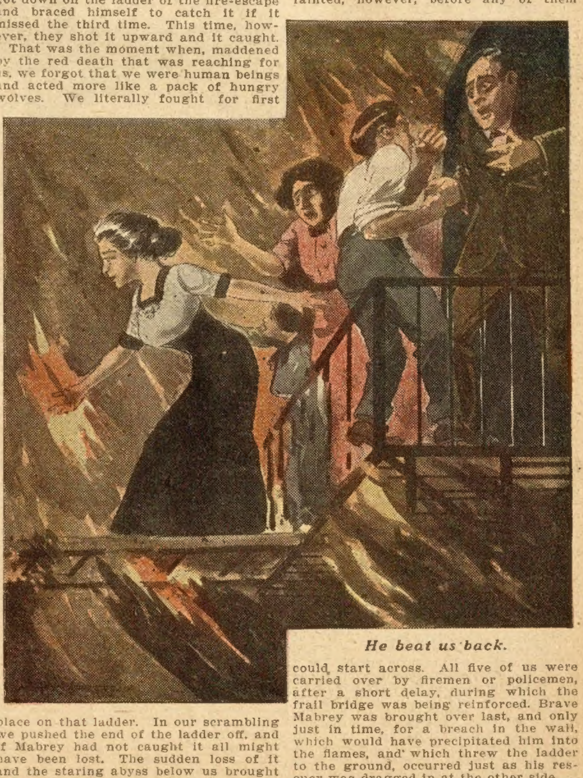
"We'd better run for the other fire-escape!" cried some one; and everybody began to shout: "Get to the front! Get to the other fire-escape! Get to the front!"

At once we made a dash into the room, but were glad to escape, choking and gasping, to the cooler outside air of our narrow landing. One of the girls did not turn back quick enough, and Mabrey went back into the building after her. After a long minute he came scrambling out with her to where we were.

What happened after this is almost too terrible to relate. The red flames were pouring out from a dozen windows below us, and our steel landing got hot under our feet. I thought I had seen disorder and panic on the inside, at those windows and down on the third floor, but it was nothing to the pandemonium that reigned among us on that grilling fire-escape. We had to close up the door by which we had come out to shut back the puffing smoke, which threatened every moment to burst into flame and lick us up.

But suddenly there came a hope of deliverance. Some workmen at a window directly across the court from us were seen to be trying to push a painter's ladder across to us. At this some of us fell on our knees and prayed to them to make haste, but most of us simply continued to yell. They in turn kept screaming something at us, but none of us had sufficient presence of mind to take heed of what they were trying to tell us. Twice they shot out the ladder straight toward us and twice it missed the landing. And every time it missed we renewed our howling. Then Kidd Mabrey got down on the ladder of the fire-escape and braced himself to catch it if it missed the third time. This time, however, they shot it upward and it caught.

That was the moment when, maddened by the red death that was reaching for us, we forgot that we were human beings and acted more like a pack of hungry wolves. We literally fought for first place on that ladder. In our scrambling we pushed the end of the ladder off, and if Mabrey had not caught it all might have been lost. The sudden loss of it and the staring abyss below us brought some of us partly to our senses however, and Mabrey did the rest.



He beat us back.

"Look here!" he shouted, as he pushed back the end of the ladder and then leaped quickly up to the landing amongst us; "are you folks people or are you animals? Give one another a chance, and we'll all get over!"

I think his words did more to shame us all into some show of manhood and womanhood than anything else could have done. While he was speaking the people on the other side shoved a twelve-inch plank along the ladder.

"Here Miss Dwight," shouted Mabrey as the plank reached our side; "run across this plank—run rapidly and show the others how to do it." He literally pushed Miss Dwight onto the narrow bridge, and she ran quickly into waiting arms on the other side.

She was hardly across when he pushed on a second young woman and shouted "Run!" He got five across in that manner. The sixth one stumbled and fell on her knees when halfway over, tilted to the side of the ladder and seemed for a moment about to tumble into the court six stories below. She fainted dead away from fright, and some one from the other side had to creep out and drag her in. The ladder bent under the weight of the two near its middle, and we saw then that it was a frail thing, broken and mended with wire and probably disused for many a day. Frightened by this the next girl could not be persuaded to run, but insisted on trying to crawl across. Creeping forward with maddening slowness, she finally reached the point where the other girl had fallen and fainted, and there she, too, fainted dead away. There was nothing for it but for the brave man from the other side to again risk his life and creep out after her.

It was as she was being dragged in on the other side that I forgot everything save the one necessity of crossing that ladder at once. I fought for a place on it—fought blindly. I didn't know who was trying to keep me off nor who was trying to go on with me. The last I remember was receiving a blow in the face which sent me back against some object that was so hot that it seared my hand to the bone.

What happened during my panic and later, I learned afterward from other people. There were five of us left on the fire-escape at the time I made my dash for the ladder. O'Neal had made a dash at the same time, and Mabrey, with his clothing ready to break into flame, beat us both back in order to give the two young women a chance. He and they all fainted, however, before any of them could start across. All five of us were carried over by firemen or policemen, after a short delay, during which the frail bridge was being reinforced. Brave Mabrey was brought over last, and only just in time, for a breach in the wall, which would have precipitated him into the flames, and which threw the ladder to the ground, occurred just as his rescuer was dragged in at the other side.

The six young women that remained on the fifth floor were all rescued, but the

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(Continued on page six.)

THE END OF THE ROAD

By PAUL CRISSEY

The Fugitive picked up the Kid in a box-car while he was rattling away from the city. He called him the Kid, and told the Kid that his name was Bill.

The Kid was a quite young fellow who had reached the stage where his whiskers were beginning to get away from him. He evidently took a shine to Bill, first because that growling, cursing mass of muscle had happened to pry open the door of the car where the Kid had concealed himself, and, secondly, because the outlaw interested him. It is needless to say that the Kid was unused to the road, but he learned quickly—because he had to, and possibly because he wanted to.

The freight train had crawled through the yards, stumbling over the network of switches, when the Kid rose to his feet, dusted off his tattered clothes, and reeled to the other end of the car where the Fugitive was rolling a cigarette.

"St. Louis?" asked the Kid.

Bill licked the paper torch and put one end of it into his mouth with a deft movement.

"Got a match, Kid?" he asked, ignoring the former's question.

The Kid produced the splinter of wood and sat down cross-legged on the dusty, jouncing floor of the car. The train, having passed the outer belt-line, was slowly gathering speed. Bill blew a cloud of smoke through his nose and braced his back against the side of the car.

"No," he answered, "I ain't goin' to St. Looie. Are you?"

The Kid shook his head.

"No place—in particular," he replied, "just so's I don't stay in Chi."

"Bulls?"

"Uh-huh! An' thieves."

"How's that?" asked the Fugitive.

The Kid picked a sliver out from under his nail before he answered.

"The cops got me in wrong with the gang—and the gang got me in wrong with the cops. It's too hot there."

"So yer beatin' it?" suggested Bill.

The Kid nodded.

"An' you?" he asked.

The thief bent his head and frowned.

"I been on the go for a month, Kid," he answered. "Montreal ain't no place for me no more. I've been shagged clear across the line by the whole Canuck bunch. But I cleaned out. The Chicago crowd don't know me, but I ain't been on the road long, at that."

The Fugitive yawned.

"Got any kale?" he asked, "or are ye carryin' yer banner?"

The Kid looked up.

"I forgit," said the Fugitive. "I says have you got any money, or is your bed in yer pocket?"

"Oh!" The Kid grinned. "I reckon I'll pick up grub enough to last me till the big noise blows over. How about you?"

Bill grinned derisively.

"You sure are green! D'ye suppose I'd be braggin' about it if I was full o' the cush? Nix! It comes too hard!"

The boy's eyes narrowed for an instant.

"I ain't goin' t' starve when a pal's got money," he replied, easily.

The Fugitive leaned back, and a grin distorted his countenance.

"I may know where t' get some," he said, slowly, "but you don't look as if you had guts enough to help me get it."

"No?" The Kid's voice was crisp. He reached into his pocket and pulled out a long, slender-barreled revolver with a white streak down each side of the stock. Silently he passed it over to his companion. The other's man's stocky fingers gently touched the handle for an instant. The little cuts in the hard rubber stock attracted him momentarily.

"Two of 'em, eh?" he remarked, as he passed the gun back. "I guess you'll do. Put it up."

In the dull interior of the car the young man smiled, rather grimly.

"Well," he said.

The Fugitive gave no answer, but rose to his feet and slipped along to the door. He peered out at the country.

"Next place," he remarked; "it'll be dark by then."

The boy relaxed. The blue steel instrument nestled loosely in his pocket.

The Fugitive remained motionless at the door, his eyes glued to a crack. Every now and then he made some short remark, but the Kid din't answer. He was tired. He had been on the road for months, and his interview at police headquarters had unnerved him. A jibing inspector in Chicago had laughed at his youthful appearance, and from the chief down they had worried him until he got out of town.

Night came, and the train rumbled to a stop in a darkened freight yard. The Fugitive slipped open the door and dropped to the ground, the Kid following him closely. They avoided the station and struck out across the fields for the village some half-mile away. The Kid sniffed curiously at the smell of the fields, but plodded along silently. They rounded the town and finally stood on the main road, with the railroad a good two miles to the other side.

The Fugitive dropped down wearily.

"I always beat it for the country," he remarked finally. "A rube constable is a hell of a sight easier than a city bull. That farmer across the line gave me a run, but I know the lay of the land here. They won't get us."

The Kid gritted his teeth.

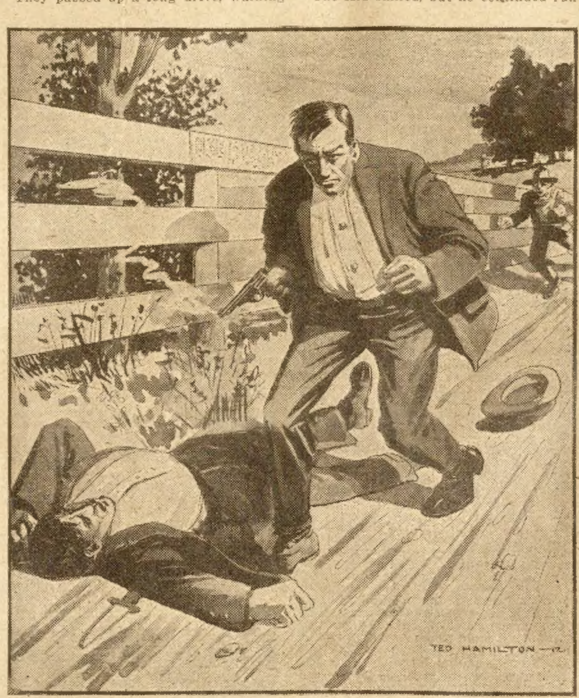
"Won't they?" he asked, but his companion chewed on a bit of grass and did not answer.

The Kid finally went to sleep. It was nearly one o'clock in the morning when the Fugitive shook him.

"Come on," he commanded briefly, and the Kid rose, stretched himself, and followed the shadowy figure before him.

They passed a few darkened houses, and finally came to the edge of the town. Away off in the distance a dog barked, and somewhere a cock crowed.

"Its a long road," said the Fugitive, but the Kid kept silence.



For a moment there was silence.

They passed up a long drive, walking silently on the grass, and the Kid saw a white house set back in the shadow of some evergreen trees. Then the moon went behind a cloud. Bill pried open a window and ran it silently up. Then he climbed in.

"Come on!" The voice sounded hollowly from the inside of the darkened room. The Kid jumped lightly in.

"It's in the corner," said the Fugitive, and he crossed the room and knelt down by the safe that was located there. "Now keep quiet," he warned. "Stand at the doorway and whistle soft if any one comes!"

The Fugitive was breathing heavily. His hand rested lightly on the combination knob of the safe, and the Kid, above his own breating, could hear the soft click of the tumblers as they passed one another there behind the steel door of that safe. It couldn't have been more than a minute before he heard a light step behind him, and the hoarse voice of his companion breathed in his ear.

"Careful, Kid, there's some one just outside the window!"

The two men crept cautiously through the darkened rooms, crossed the hallway, and came to a row of French windows on the other side of the house. The Kid's fingers closed over the latch, and a moment later both he and the Fugitive were outside in the shadows. The pine tree whispered above them, and the Fugitive clutched the Kid's arm.

"There he is," he breathed, and as he spoke, he pointed a short arm at a bent figure that suddenly rounded the corner of the house. The moon came out from behind a cloud.

"Hell!" cursed the Fugitive. "It's the old man," and before the younger man could stay him, he had jumped across the intervening space and struck two swift blows. A black bundle lay still under the opened French window and the Fugitive, breathing heavily, turned to the Kid.

"We'll finish the job now," he said, but the Kid drew back.

"Look!" he commanded, and he pointed upward. There, on the second floor, a stream of light pierced the darkness.

"They're up," he said briefly, and even as he spoke several other rooms on the upper floor began to burst into light.

Without a word the two men turned and fled under the trees to the road that gleamed white in the moonlight.

"They'll get us, sure," panted the Kid.

"Hell!" said his companion. "It's a long road. We'll run," and so they started out on a dog-trot. The Kid was breathing easily when the first mile had been accomplished, but the Fugitive's wind was short. He began to pant heavily.

"Long—road!" he gasped. "Hurry!"

The Kid smiled, but he continued running easily. Once he felt in his pocket to make sure that his gun was still there. It was. He stretched his legs a little faster and the man at his side tried hard to keep up the pace. Another mile passed and the Kid kept his eyes fastened on his companion. The moonlight showed the Fugitive's weakness in his face—the staring eyes showed fear, and once, when the two men slowed up to cross a rise where some road work had been left unfinished, the Kid said: "What's your hurry? We're safe now."

But the Fugitive shook his head. Great beads of perspiration started out on his forehead, and his breath was pitifully short. The Kid smiled again.

"I—I—guess—I killed him!" his companion muttered, and the young man at his side frowned slightly.

"The road is long," he repeated, confidently, but again the Fugitive shook his head, and the fear started again in his face.

"I killed him!" he muttered. "Run—damn you!"

A chuckle in the Kid's throat threatened to break out, and his eyes passed rapidly over the stumbling figure by his side. The Fugitive was weakening. The lithe, boyish stride of the younger man, however, was unimpaired by the dogtrot.

Suddenly out of the moonlight there came to the two runners a vision of a white fence stretching across the road. The Fugitive with a gasp dropped to the roadside.

"I'm—all—in, Kid," he whispered, and as he spoke a knife, stained with a strange, dark red dropped from his hand and rattled to the gravel of the road.

The Kid took a deep breath and picked it up.

"So you used that on the old man?" he asked.

A gasp from his companion was the answer.

"Twice—in—the neck," moaned the man on the grass.

The Kid bent suddenly over.

"Colson," he said softly, "where are you carrying the bills?"

The eyes of the man in the grass shot suddenly open and a strange whiteness flickered about his lips.

"Why—hell! You—ain't goin'——?"

"Yes," said the young man crisply. "I am." His nimble fingers darted here and there through the Fugitive's clothing. He put the black revolver in his pocket. He secured his companion's revolver with a sigh of satisfaction, and held it closely in his hands. Then, from an inside pocket of the older man's coat, he took out a tattered packet and put it in his own.

"Damn you!" said the man slowly. "Why are you doing this?"

"See," answered the Kid, pointing to the white fence, "the long road ends here—and your road. I've drawn your teeth," he continued, sweetly, and he waved the Fugitive's gun before his eyes. The man on the grass sat up suddenly, drew a knife, and a streak of metal screeched through the air, instantly followed by a sharp crash from the thirty-eight in the Kid's hand.

For a moment there was silence. Then, from the house at the end of the road there came a sudden swirl of barking dogs and stumbling figures. The Kid looked down at the motionless figure before him. He bound his handkerchief about his own arm where the knife had gone to the bone.

"Colson, Colson," he said reproachfully. "I forgot all about that knife! And I've chased you for a month only to have to shoot you out here where the road ends."

And then to the small posse of armed men who had come up suddenly behind him, he said:

"I am Sanderson of the Toronto police. This man was a Canadian fugitive. Take him into the house. He's dead."

And the men of the posse stared at the youngest member of the Toronto police, as the fugitive went into the near-by house feet foremost.

* * *

Among the Flames.

(Continued from page five.)

last one that was taken out died in the hospital afterward from her burns. I myself lay in the hospital for several weeks, as did many of my companions.

Kidd Mabrey now wears two medals, a gold medal presented him by the fire department, and a diamond medal, bravely encrusted with seventeen diamonds, presented by the sixteen of us whom he saved and by the parents of the one that was lost. On it is engraved these words: "To a diamond in the rough, who remembered in the midst of dangers to be courteous and manly."

* * *

Trouble.

In a Chicago restaurant, the other day, a waitress who was serving four men who sat at a table in a secluded corner seemed to be greatly downcast, and one of the men finally asked her what was the matter.

Tears at once filled her eyes and she turned away to repress a sob. When she could speak without crying she said:

"I dropped a plate a little while ago, and the manager, after charging me for it, talked to me in a way that I have never been talked to before. He told me I had butter fingers and said he would discharge me if it happened again, at the same time scolding me for being slow. He was very disrespectful."

After she had turned away one of the men said:

"What a silly thing she is to be worried over that. I wish I had no greater trouble than hers."

"What's your trouble?" asked another of the hungry ones.

"My wife and I are to attend an auction bridge party tonight, and I've never played the game."

He then drew a deep sigh and absentmindedly began sifting pepper into his coffee.

* * *

Socially Launched.

In his native town Jimmy had always been most popular with young and old, but when he was sent away to boarding school he was for a time too homesick to make friends. His first letter was little more than a wail.

"I'm 'way behind the other boys in everything," he wrote dolefully. "'Tisn't only studies, but it's gymnasium and banjos and everything. I don't believe they'll ever have much use for me."

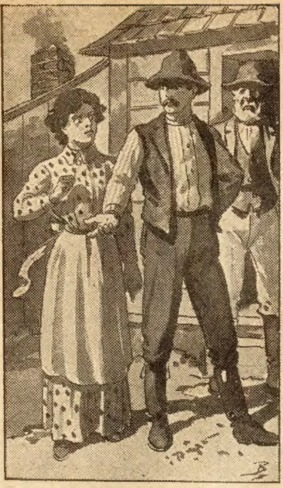
But the second letter, written after a week in the new school, was quite different in tone.

"I'm all right," he wrote to his mother. "The boys say they'll teach me all they know, for they're proud to have me here. I can stretch my mouth half an inch wider than any other boy in school, and my feet are the longest by a full inch. So you needn't worry about me any more."

The Moonshiners

A STORY OF VENGEANCE

By Emma Howard Wight



"It's a lie!"

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CHAPTER V.

THE ARREST.

AS THE three revenue officers drew rein at the gate, John Galt came around the house from the direction of the stables. He knew at once that the men were revenue officers, but that gave him little concern. He was quite accustomed to seeing them on the mountain, and their quest had heretofore been in vain.

He advanced leisurely to the gate, with just the suspicion of a smile about his lips under the heavy fair mustache.

"What do you all want?" he asked, unconcernedly.

"We want you," replied Corts.

Galt flashed upon him a quick glance and his eyes narrowed. It was an instant or so before he spoke.

"What's yo' business with me?" he asked.

Corts drew his pistol and covered him.

"I arrest you, John Galt, on the charge of illicit distilling," he said.

Galt shrugged his shoulders.

"You kin arrest me, but you can't prove nothin' ag'in me," he declared.

"Don't you be too cocksure of that, my man," said Corts. "It's a long lane, you know, that has no turning." There was a note of exultation in his voice, and, for the first time, Galt regarded him attentively, but without any manifest uneasiness. Corts turned to his colleagues. "Go into the house and examine the cellar," he instructed them. The mountaineer stood quietly, without moving a muscle, but his strong white teeth clenched. "Come back and report what you discover," continued Corts. "In the meanwhile, I'll guard the prisoner."

The other two officers dismounted, tied their horses, opened the gate, and walked toward the house into which they passed.

A few minutes later, a dark-haired woman came hurriedly out of the house and approached John Galt. Her face was pale, and her eyes widened with a look of fear at the sight of Corts on guard over the mountaineer.

"What's happened, John?" she asked. "Thar's two men, revenue officers, they claims to be, gone down into the—cellar." She paused. The eyes of the man and woman met. The fear in hers deepened. There was a momentary softening of the man's clear, bright blue eyes.

He spoke very gently to the woman.

"Don't you worry, Annie," he said. "I reckon everything'll turn out all right." She looked at him pathetically, incredulously. "I've got to go along with these heah men. They be revenue officers. Git Jim to help you with the stock. Don't you fret."

"John!" She made a movement toward him. He stopped her with an imperative gesture.

"Go and keep the children away from heah," he said, frowningly.

The woman obeyed instantly, controlling herself at once and going to the house with but one backward glance. The sturdy pride of the mountaineer could not brook any display of fear of weakness on his wife's part in the presence of the revenue officer.

Corts looked at him approvingly.

"He is, in his way, a thoroughbred," he was thinking. His eyes lingered upon the clean-limbed, broad-shouldered mountaineer standing quietly with folded arms, a magnificent specimen of a man. "He's game all through," mused Corts, admiringly. "He belongs to, he is part of the great and everlasting hills. It seems a pity to shackle him. It's like caging a lion."

Five, ten minutes passed, and then the officers came out of the house and up to the gate.

"We've examined the cellar," said Anderson, "and found a still there."

Corts turned to the mountaineer.

"You claimed a little while ago, Galt, that we have no proof against you," he said. "I think we have the proof all right, and there couldn't be stronger."

The mountaineer made no reply. His face was imperturbable.

The sun was setting as the officers went back down the mountain with their prisoner. He rode one of his own horses, a beautiful thoroughbred chestnut mare, with an officer on either side of him. His blue eyes looked straight before him, and in their somber depths was a look of rage and humiliation.

There was much excitement in Glenville when it became known that one of the moonshiners had been arrested. The revenue officers had their prisoner safely jailed before it was generally known, or there might have been some demonstrations on the part of the town people, between whom and the mountaineers there is a feeling of antagonism. There would be a meeting of the court at Glenville in two weeks, and then John Galt would be tried.

That night the mountaineers gathered about the house of John Galt. The rugged faces were very grave, they spoke in low, ominous tones, they glanced furtively at each other, but no one gave utterance to the dark suspicion in his heart—that there was a traitor in their midst.

They could in no other way account for the revenue officers' knowledge in regard to the still in the house of John Galt. None but the moonshiners themselves knew how and where the distilling was done. One of them must have given the information to the Government, tempted by the reward.

Jim Galt was the first to voice the suspicion burning in every man's mind. He faced them where he stood on the porch, and lifting his voice so that every one present could hear him, cried, with an oath:

"Treachery's been done! Thar be a traitor among us!"

An ominous silence followed. Then, from the crowd in the yard, Clem Brown stepped forward to the porch steps.

"You're right," he said, addressing Galt, "thar has been treachery. But," turning and facing the crowd, "the traitor ain't heah among us. The one that done betrayed us is that womanish-faced preacher."

"It's a lie!" cried Verna Galt, springing up from where she sat beside John Galt's wife, Annie, and facing Clem Brown, pale to the lips. "Don't believe him," she went on, desperately, appealing to the others. "He's tryin' to put it on the preacher because he hates him." She hesitated for an instant, then, added, bravely, "He hates him because I love him."

"She's right," said Clem Brown. "I do hate him jest fo' the reason she says. But it ain't no lie. He come heah to spy, and he told the revenue officers about the still in John Galt's cellar. I knowed it as soon I heahed John was arrested." An ominous murmur rose from the mountaineers. "Now, thar's but one way to serve a traitor—kill him like a dog."

"Yes, yes, kill him!" came from the mountaineers. Verna stood as though turned to stone.

"Let me be the one to send a bullet to his false heart," cried Clem Brown.

CHAPTER VI.

"GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN."

Two weeks later. It was Margaret Glover's wedding night.

There was really no reason for delaying the marriage, and Margaret had yielded to Jasper Wynne's entreaties to be married almost immediately. He had never given her any explanation as to where he obtained the money to finish paying his father's debts, thus removing the only obstacle to their marriage. Margaret was not a curious woman, and gave little thought to the matter.

A few days before the wedding, Dr. Glover had said to her:

"Margaret, where did Wynne get the money to pay off those debts of his father's?"

It was in the evening, and Margaret sat sewing by the table, the light from the lamp deepening the pale gold of her hair. The Doctor was seated on the other side of the table, reading a local newspaper.

"I really do not know, father," Margaret replied.

Dr. Glover looked somewhat surprised. "Didn't he tell you?" he asked.

"He hasn't done so yet."

"Perhaps he took up a collection while he was in the mountains," said Dr. Glover, jokingly, as he returned to his paper.

Margaret smiled and shook her head. There was silence for a moment or so, then Dr. Glover exclaimed:

"So they've got them at last!" As Margaret glanced at him questioningly, he continued, "The moonshiners. At least they've got one of them, a fellow named Galt. They, the revenue officers, found a still in the cellar of his house. Clever idea that! He's been taken to the jail at Glenville and will be tried at the next meeting of the court."

"Glenville," repeated Margaret. "That is where Jasper held his bush-meeting, wasn't it, father?"

"Near there, in the mountains. Glenville is about twenty miles from here. I wonder if this fellow, Galt, is one of Jasper's converts," and he laughed. Margaret looked grave. "Well, I am glad the Government's got them at last. But I wouldn't be surprised if there was some trouble when this fellow, Galt, is tried."

Margaret had just finished dressing on the night she was to be married, when the colored maid entered and said that Mr. Wynne wished to see her. It was about half an hour before the time set for the ceremony.

Margaret was dressed very simply in white, with a wreath of white roses in her hair. When she entered the parlor, Jasper Wynne came forward to meet her, his eyes lighting tenderly, admiringly. She was lovely in her pale, statuesque way. Under his impassioned gaze she colored slightly.

"You wished to see me, Jasper?" she queried.

"Yes." His face grew grave. "I have just received a summons to go the deathbed of a man who lives about six miles from here. I hardly know what to do."

"There is only one thing for you to do," she declared, unhesitatingly. "You must go at once."

"But our marriage will be delayed," he protested.

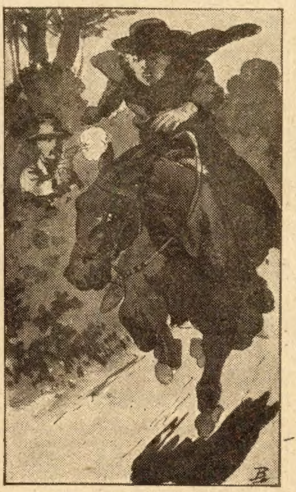
"What of that? It is your duty to go to that dying man. You should not have delayed a moment."

He suppressed a sigh of impatience.

"I do not think it will take me more than two hours," he said, as he went out.

Margaret walked to the window and watched the black-robed form of the minister as he passed to the gate and then quickly along the street in the moonlight. The parsonage was only five minutes' walk from the Doctor's residence. As Margaret stood at the window, her father entered. She turned back into the room, explaining to him why the wedding would not take place at the hour set.

"Then I shall have time to visit several of my patients," s id Doctor Glover, turning to go out.



The mountaineer fired.

When she was alone, Margaret sat down by the table and took up a book, but a strange restlessness possessed her, and she could not read. She put aside the book and leaned back thoughtfully in her chair.

Suddenly Cynthy, the colored maid, appeared in the doorway.

"Thar's a gal at de do', Miss Marg'ret, what 'lows she got to see you," she said. "I done tole her you war 'special engaged a-gittin' marr'ed dis ebenin', but thar ain't no gittin' shet ob her."

'Who is she, Cynthy?" asked Margaret, a little abstractedly.

"'Clar to goodness! I don't know, Miss Marg'ret. I never set eyes on her befo'. She comed on hossback, and from de way dat hoss look, she must rid lak she done thought Satan war arter her. She ain't nuffin' but po' white trash, but she has got powerful lot ob 'surance. Shall I send her 'bout her business, Miss Marg'ret?"

"No, bring her here to me," replied Margaret.

Cynthy went out, much disgusted.

In a few moments she ushered in Verna Galt, the mountain girl, and went out with a toss of her head.

The girl came slowly forward, her eyes fixed, with a strange look in them, on Margaret in her white robes, with her flower-crowned head.

"My maid told me that you wished to speak to me," said Margaret.

"Whar's the minister, Mr. Wynne?" asked Verna, abruptly.

"Mr. Wynne is not here," Margaret replied. The girl started and caught her breath. "Do you wish to see him?"

"Yes," was the reply, in a low voice. "They told me at the parsonage that I would find him—here."

"He was here a little while ago," Margaret explained. "He came to tell me that he had been called away to a man who is dying. I presume he returned to the parsonage, got his horse, and went away without saying anything to any one there."

Verna Galt's face had grown very white.

"Oh, God! I am too late!" she cried, in an anguished voice.

Margaret looked at her compassionately, but without surprise. She saw that the girl was in trouble, but ascribed it to the fact that she had come to fetch Jasper Wynne to the deathbed of some one near and dear to her. Her distress at finding him gone was quite natural under the circumstances.

"You appear in great distress," said Margaret. "Is there anything I can do to help you?"

She arose, as she spoke, and moved a little nearer to Verna Galt. The girl looked at her in silence for an instant. They were a striking contrast as they stood facing each other. The fair, patrician-looking woman, graceful, queenly, in her white bridal robes; the wild mountain girl, with her gypsy beauty, haggard, white, her heavy black hair falling in disorder over her shoulders, her calico gown soiled and torn, a riding whip knotted about her nervous, restless hands.

"No, thar ain't nothin' you kin do," the girl replied, at length, dull despair in her voice. "I come to warn Mr. Wynne, to save him, but I've come—too late."

Margaret's fair, serene face clouded with sudden fear.

"To warn, to save him?" she cried. "To save him from—what?"

"Death," replied the girl.

"Death?" repeated Margaret, dazedly.

"Yes," continued the girl. She felt no pity for the beautiful woman whose delicate color had faded to the deathlike hue of the bridal roses in her hair, the woman Jasper Wynne had told her he loved so dearly. "That message he got was jest to lure him away; they're layin' in wait to shoot him as he goes by."

"Who?" murmured Margaret.

"Clem Brown and Ab Slater from the mountain."

"But why should they wish to kill Mr. Wynne?"

"Because when he war preachin' in the mountains, he found out about the men distillin' and give it away to the revenue officers."

Margaret's gray eyes flashed, the color rose in her cheeks.

"That is false!" she said. "Jasper Wynne is incapable of anything so despicable, so cowardly, so treacherous."

Verna regarded her curiously.

"It's true enough that he done it," she declared. "He done it for the reward."

The color faded from Margaret's face, a sick feeling came over her. The reward! She thought of the five hundred dollars with which Jasper Wynne had finished paying his father's debts, of his silence as to how he had come by the money. Could this terrible thing the girl claimed be true? It seemed incredible, and yet——

She sat down, feeling suddenly weak and faint. To a woman of her nature disillusionment where she loved was terrible.

"Oh," she half moaned, oblivious, for the moment, of the presence of the mountain girl, "if he has done this thing I think I shall despise him!"

Verna Galt looked at her wonderingly.

"Is that the way fine ladies like you love?" she cried, a touch of scorn in her voice. Margaret started and looked at

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her. "Why, it's my kin that he's set the law on, but I love him jest the same."

"You love him—love Jasper Wynne?" exclaimed Margaret.

A smile, half bitter, half sad, passed over the mountain girl's lips.

"Do you reckon I'd be heah now if I didn't love him," she replied, very simply. "Why, I'd want 'em to shoot him, 'stid of tryin' to save him," and her great dark eyes flashed for a moment. "It war not till arter Clem and Ab had started that I found out what they war goin' to do," she continued. "I started arter 'em hopin' to git heah in time to warn Mr. Wynne, but I am too late."

Margaret shuddered violently.

"Yes, it is too late," she half whispered, with colorless lips. "Where are they—waiting?" she asked.

"Four miles from heah, where the turnpike goes through a pine wood," the girl explained.

"Piney Grove!" exclaimed Margaret. She started to her feet. "There is a short cut of about a mile and a quarter across the fields to the turnpike this side of the woods."

The mountain girl's breath quickened. She looked eagerly at Margaret.

"Can I make it on horseback?" she asked.

"Yes," Margaret replied. Like the girl, she was white and breathless.

"I may be able to save him yet," said Verna, quietly now. "But I must have a fresh horse."

"My father's horse is in the stable," said Margaret. "I'll have him saddled and brought around at once. Or we had best change the saddle from your horse."

Verna Galt considered a moment.

"No," she replied. "Have a man's saddle put on the horse."

On her way to the door, Margaret turned and looked back at her.

"Do you—do you think you can save him?" she asked, falteringly.

A wan smile passed over the mountain girl's lips.

"I am goin' to try mighty hard," she replied.

Later Margaret remembered the simple, earnest words and the look on her face as she said them.

"The horse will be at the gate in a few minutes," said Margaret, as she went out of the room.

The girl went and stood by the window. Some of the wild misery had died out of her face. She was calm and very thoughtful. After a few minutes she saw a colored boy come up to the gate from the direction of the stables leading a sorrel horse. She turned from the window, walked swiftly to the door, opened it, and went out in the hall. Margaret was approaching from the opposite direction. But Verna Galt did not wait. She went out of the front door and down to the gate. Her own horse, a beautiful thoroughbred chestnut mare, tied to the gatepost, whinnied at the sight of her mistress. Verna paused a moment to lay her cheek caressingly against the mare's velvet neck, then she opened the gate, sprang on the sorrel horse's back in a manner that caused the boy to stare open-mouthed. He fell back as the mountain girl gathered up the lines.

"Miss Marg'ret done tole me to tell you how to git to Piney Grove over de fields," he said.

The girl listened quietly to his instructions, nodded understandingly when he had finished, and rode off.

"I wonder whar dat po' white trash gal git a hoss lak dis heah," the darky murmured, as he led Verna Galt's beautiful mare toward the stables to be fed and rubbed down.

Verna Galt rode down the moonlit street and drew rein at the parsonage. She slipped from the saddle, threw the bridle over the hitchingpost, and went quickly through the gate and up to the house. She paused at the door and looked into the hall. Then she entered and went swiftly up to a rack near the door on which hung a long cloak and a large soft clerical-looking hat. She took both cloak and hat from the rack and went swiftly out again.

Crouching behind the pine bushes at the side of the road, the two mountaineers awaited the coming of Jasper Wynne. They had tied their horses further back from the turnpike in the woods. The mountaineers waited with a sort of grim patience and, for the most part, in silence.

Once Clem Brown turned to his companion and said:

"We mustn't lose no time gittin' way from heah arter we done fo' him. Them revenue officers'll be mighty apt to suspect who done fo' the spyin' preacher, and thar'll be a mighty hue and cry. We want to be at the mountain befo' daylight."

The other mountaineer nodded comprehendingly.

"You're right about that," he declared.

At that moment there was the sound of an approaching horseman. The two mountaineers became instantly alert.

"Heah he comes," said Clem Brown, in a low, tense voice. "Thar won't be no trouble spottin' him, the moon's so bright. You leave the shootin' to me."

"I'd like to have a hand in it, curse him!" muttered the other mountaineer, savagely, under his breath. "But I reckon you've got the most right."

Clem had crept forward to a bush that stood directly beside the turnpike. There he crouched, his pistol in his hand. The turnpike, along which the rider must pass, was bright as day in the moonlight. Clem Brown drew a hissing breath through his teeth as he came in sight. The minister wore the long cloak and the soft hat, pulled low over his brows, that the young mountaineer had frequently seen him wear while in the mountains.

As the minister, riding rather swiftly, approached the bush, behind which the mountaineer was hidden, the latter lifted his pistol and fired.

CHAPTER VII.

"IT WAS MY LOVE FOR YOU."

As long as she lived, Margaret Glover never forgot the agonizing suspense of the hour that followed the departure of the mountain girl, Verna Galt. During that time she gave no thought to the act which she had declared, in the first agony of disillusionment, had caused her to despise Jasper Wynne. She had no thought for anything save the peril that menaced him.

As the slow minutes dragged along, the strain became almost more than she could endure. At length she fell upon her knees and bowed her rose-crowned head upon her hands.

"Oh, God!" she prayed, "protect him! save him!"

"Margaret!"

With a great start, she lifted her head and looked up into the pale face of Jasper Wynne. A great sigh of infinite relief broke from her lips.

"You—you are safe!" she murmured.

He looked down upon her strangely.

"Yes, I am safe," he replied.

She arose, leaning one hand on the back of the chair; the reaction had turned her weak and sick.

"They were lying in wait to shoot you," she said, shudderingly. "The mountaineers. A girl from the mountains came to warn you. You had gone. She was too late." He inclined his head in silence. There was something in his pale face she could not understand. "The girl came to me," she continued. "She told me—all, and that the two mountaineers were waiting in Piney Grove to shoot you as you rode by. I remembered the short cut across the fields. I told her of it. She took father's horse and went that way to try to save you."

"She did save me," said Jasper Wynne. He paused a moment, then added. "She saved me by sacrificing her own life." Margaret looked at him, startled, wondering. "I found her lying on the turnpike where it goes by Piney Grove," he continued. "She was dead, shot through the heart."

"I—I do not understand," faltered Margaret. "Why did they shoot her?"

"They shot her believing her to be me."

"Believing her to be—you?"

"Yes. She wore my cloak and hat. She purposely misled the assassin. Of course, he thought it was I. He intended to kill me, and those mountaineers are expert shots."

He turned, walked to the window, and stood looking out.

"She—she told me that she loved you," said Margaret.

He turned and came back to her.

"Ay, 'Greater love hath no man than this, that he give his life for his friend,'" he said. For a moment he was silent, then he looked at her and continued, "You know, Margaret, what I did." She silently inclined her head. "I went among those people as a minister of the Gospel with the intention of finding evidence against them that would deliver them over into the hands of the law for illicit distilling. I discovered all that I wished to discover and turned the information over to the Government. John Galt was arrested. I will not attempt to describe to you what I have suffered in the way of remorse, shame and self-abasement."

"Why did you do it?" she asked, in a low voice.

A faint smile crossed his lips.

"Can you not guess?" She did not speak and he went on. "It was my love for you that tempted me." Her fine brows contracted a little. She looked away from him. "The money, in itself, was no temptation. But it meant to me—you." He paused and again waited for her to speak, but still she was silent. She was pale, her eyes were lowered, her slim white hands locked tightly in front of her. He studied her a moment, but her face, in its pale stillness, told him nothing. He sighed. "I feared that you would turn from me, learn to despise me, perhaps, if you ever knew the truth. Tell me, Margaret, is your love dead?"

She lifted her eyes and looked at him.

"I thought it was killed when I first knew," she replied, speaking very quietly. "But I find that love does not so easily die. It survives even when the ideal a woman has cherished in her heart of hearts is swept away in a breath." She paused, sighing. He waited, silently. "I still love you Jasper," she continued, "not quite as I once loved you, but——" she smiled faintly and held out her hand to him.

He took her hand and lifted to to his lips.

"You mean that you will marry me tonight in spite of all?" he asked.

"Yes, on one condition," she replied.

"There is nothing you could ask of me that I would not do," he said, quietly.

"When those mountaineers know of that poor girl's sacrifice, do you suppose

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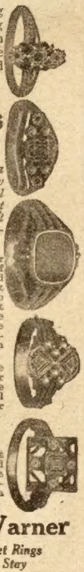

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they will allow you to escape them—if you remain here?"

"I had not thought of that," he replied, thoughtfully.

"I know they will not," Margaret declared, with conviction. "The man, who shot that poor girl loved her. She told me that the young mountaineer lying in wait for you was her lover. He will never rest until he has killed you."

"That is true. Sooner or later he will kill me." He spoke calmly and without fear. A sudden light came into her eyes as she looked at him. A man who calmly and fearlessly faces death is not a coward, morally or physically. For the first time she realized fully the force of the temptation which had assailed Jasper Wynne. She also understood, as she never had before, how deep was his love for her. "So there can be no thought of marriage between us, Margaret," he added.

She laid her hand on his arm.

"We will be married tonight, Jasper," she said, firmly. "And early tomorrow morning we will have started for India." He started and looked at her quickly. She smiled. "You have often told me you would like to be a missionary, Jasper. We will go to India—together."

CHAPTER VIII.

"DOOD-BY, PAPA!"

A month later. It was the twenty-fifth of July, the day set for the trial of John Galt. The trial was to begin at eleven o'clock, and before daylight the country people had been pouring into the town.

Judge Courtnay was standing on the lawn at his beautiful home, The Rosary, waiting for breakfast to be announced. After a moment he began moving among the roses which bloomed in lavish profusion about the gray stone house, stopping here and there to gather a particularly choice one. Judge Courtnay was devoted to roses, and spent much time in cultivating them. He was a handsome, aristocratic-looking man about 40 years of age, polished in manner, and of stately bearing.

An old, white-haired colored man, in the conventional dress of a house servant, came out of the house on to the veranda.

"Breakfas' am ready, Marse James," he announced.

Judge Courtnay turned and came toward the house, his hands full of roses, white, pink, red, yellow and cream, a rioting mass of exquisite color. He smiled kindly upon the old darky, as he remarked:

"The roses are lovely this year, aren't they, Silas?"

Silas smiled indulgently.

"You allers war clean loony 'bout roses, massa. Guv dem to me, and I put 'em on de breakfas' table."

Judge Courtnay handed him the roses, entered the house, and passed into the diningroom on the left of the hall. A beautiful, auburn-haired woman, whose fair face was pale and troubled, was standing beside the exquisitely appointed table. As he passed her on his way to his place, Judge Courtnay bent and touched his lips to her bright hair. She smiled faintly and seated herself.

Silas entered, carrying a crystal bowl filled with the roses his master had gathered. He placed them in the center of the table.

"De massa done gather dem," he explained to Mrs. Courtnay.

"They are very lovely," she murmured, rather abstractedly.

Silas went on out. Judge Courtnay looked across the table at his wife's pale face, at the untasted food on her plate.

"What is it, dear?" he asked, gently.

"Oh, James, it's the thought of this trial that is making me wretched, filling me with dread and fear," she replied. "I am so afraid for you, dear." He gave a little smiling shake of the head, but she continued, unheedingly. "Those mountaineers are lawless, relentless, and revengeful. I am sick with fear and dread when I think of Jasper Wynne. If that mountain girl had not saved his life, he would be in his grave now. And he had to go far away to escape the cruel vengeance of those mountaineers."

"Dismiss Jasper Wynne's case from your mind once for all, dearest," counseled her husband. "The mountain people regarded him as a traitor, and, according to their code, he deserved death."

But she was not reassured.

"I am afraid for you, James," she reiterated. "I hope, I cannot help hoping, that that man, Galt, will not be found guilty."

"The probabilities are that he will be found guilty," declared Judge Courtnay, with some grimness.

"And it will be you who will find him so," murmured Mrs. Courtnay, almost despairingly.

Judge Courtnay arose, came around to her, and laid his head, with great tenderness, on her shoulder.

"My dearest wife, this won't do," he remonstrated. "You must not torture yourself in this way."

She rested her beautiful head against him.

"We love each other so dearly, James," she murmured. "We have been so happy. Ours has been an ideal married life. We have had so much happiness, while the world is full of misery and suffering. Perhaps we have been too happy."

At that moment the door opened and a mulatto girl entered, leading by the hand a beautiful little girl about 4 years of age. The Judge turned with a smile, and the child ran to him with a little gleeful laugh. He lifted her in his arms, she clung about his neck, and he kissed several times her round, rose-pink cheek. Mrs. Courtnay sat gazing with wide, strained eyes, at her handsome, noble-looking husband and lovely little child.

"If you please, Miss Marian," said the mulatto girl, "Silas sade fo' me to cl'ar off de table. He am gwine 'long wid de massa."

A slight change passed over Judge Courtnay's face. But the next moment he smiled at the little daughter whose chubby arms clasped his neck.

"I suppose Silas is curious to see the trial," Mrs. Courtnay said, with a sigh, as she arose.

Judge Courtnay took no notice of her remark. He glanced over the child's curly head at the clock.

"Papa must be going, Millicent," he said.

"So soon?" exclaimed Mrs. Courtnay, falteringly. "Its only nine o'clock and the trial does not commence until eleven."

"There are certain things to be done before court opens," Judge Courtnay explained.

"You will be home for luncheon?"

"I think not. I would be greatly hurried, so it will be best for me to have luncheon at the hotel."

He kissed the child, placed her on the floor, and took his wife in his arms. She clung to him silently. He held her close for a moment, kissed her with great tenderness, gently released her, and went toward the door. As he passed out, little Millicent ran after him and stood in the doorway.

"Dood-by, papa!" she cried.

He smiled back at her over his shoulder, and then went on out.

This powerful story will be concluded in the next week's Ledger. Do not miss reading it. A lot of great and timely stories will appear in the Ledger during the coming months. Send in your subscription and you will find yourself repaid ten times over.

* * *

The Man He Needed.

Edward D. Easton, who claims that he made the largest single fee of any shorthand reporter in the world when he collected $75,000 from the lawyers in the famous Star Route trials was sent to report an important hearing in a small Southern town. The work was so pressing that he found he needed an assistant who could typewrite. Searching for such a person, he sent out messages, advertised in the country papers, and made desperate appeals for somebody to locate the man.

He waited at his hotel all day without a sign of an assistant, and went to bed that night extremely worried, because his work depended absolutely on his getting some one to help him. Shortly after midnight he was aroused by a knock at the door.

"I am the man you want," said the stranger. "I am the only typewriter in this part of the State, and——"

"Well," exclaimed Easton eagerly, "can you come to work tomorrow morning?"

"I was just going to tell you," continued the visitor, "that I read your advertisement saying you wanted a typewriter, and I thought I'd drop in to tell you I can't do the work. Lafe Smith and me have got to go fishing."

* * *

Excuses.

Philander C. Knox, Secretary of State, when deficiencies in certain laws are discussed, usually tells a story.

"There were also some deficiencies in the early education of Mrs. Cahill," said the Secretary, "but she never mentioned them or admitted their existence. 'Will you sign your name here?' asked the young lawyer whom Mrs. Cahill had employed to draw up a deed transferring a parcel of land to her daughter.

"'Ye sign ut yerself an' Oi'll make me marrk,' said the old woman quickly. 'Since me poor eyes give out, Oi'm not able to write a wurrd, young mon.'

"'Do you spell the name with two "l's"?' he asked, pen poised in proper place.

"'Spell ut whativer way ye plaze,' said Mrs. Cahill, recklessly. 'Since Oi lost me teeth, sure there's not a wurrd in th' wurld Oi can spell.'"

* * *

Improving the Time.

Dolph B. Atherton, secretary of the League of Republican Clubs, is a politician and an authority on good stories. He tells this one:

During a coal strike in Scranton, Pa., many miners were idle, and the city authorities, taking advantage of the fact, had a lot of work done putting in sewers, paving streets, and laying wires underground. An old Irishman by the name of Mike Dooley had been employed in the mines, but took a temporary job digging ditches in the streets. One morning his friend, Pat Hooligan, saw Mike at work, and exclaimed:

"Hello, Mike! What in the divil are you doing there?"

Mike leaned on his pick, looked up, and said smilingly:

"Oh, I thought I would work while I was idle."

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The Second Son's Plot.

(Continued from page four.)

other was coarse and bore unmistakable signs of dissipation, weakness and evil passions. Yet so marvelously alike were the faces that they would have seemed identical to a casual observer.

"Have you the clothes you wore that night?" Arthur Fanshaw asked.

Mark Heriot stepped to the closet and picked up a bundle in one corner. His sleeve brushed Hope's face, and she felt his hot liquor-tainted breath upon her cheek, but the closet door shaded the light from falling upon her face. She thought she must scream, but fear for her own safety prevented her.

Arthur Fanshaw leaned over the prostrate form. "Come, give me a hand," he said. "Raise him up till I pull off the coat—easy now, one arm at a time. There now!" Then the sound of a heavy garment dropped on the floor.

"Come, lend a hand again—draw off the shoes—be smart now."

Arthur stepped to the foot of the bed. He was within a yard of the place where Hope stood. The fumes of brandy reached her nostrils. She grew dizzy, and was fearful lest she fall.

Heroit's fears and reluctance seemed to have fallen from him. He laughed and chattered. "How obliging he is!" he crowed. "Very kind of him to change places with me, I'm sure."

"Quick! the coat from the bundle. The right arm first—now the left—easy now. The pants now—easy—both legs at once. There, now!"

The trousers of the unconscious man were thrown with the coat on the floor. From the bundle was taken a pair of guady checked breeches.

"On with these now—quick! No time to lose. The shoes now. Be sure they are the one's you wore that night, else they won't correspond with the measurements taken."

"I make no mistake as to that," answered the other, with a laugh.

"Now those papers. Where are they?" Arthur asked, casting his eyes about.

"Hell! Where are they?" the other cried. He ran his hand into the inside pocket of the coat that had been put on the unconscious man. "Good! Here they are!" he cried, drawing out a bundle of papers.

Arthur ran his eye keenly over them. "Pshaw! nothing of any account, but they will answer the purpose all right," and he carefully replaced them in the inner pocket of the coat.

"Those, with the torn sleeve, the missing part of which is in the possession of the police, ought to prove a clear case. He'll get seven years at least. Here, get into these clothes at once, and let us be gone."

Mark Heriot quickly discarded his coat and vest and trousers and got into those belonging to the unconscious man.

"Here, the tie, you must wear this. It was one given him by his wife."

"They fit like a glove," Heriot said, adjusting the garments. "The same make of a man to a T."

Arthur Fanshaw stood looking on with a grim smile. The tie was properly adjusted at last, and Heriot stood admiring himself in the glass.

"Hell! but I look swell! Wouldn't his own mother take me for her son?"

Arthur Fanshaw stepped to his side, and laid a hand upon his arm. When he spoke his voice was like an Arctic blast.

"Remember, from this moment in which you change your coat for his, you cease to be Mark Heriot, and become Mark Fanshaw."

"And I am to have a thousand dollars a year, and live in tip-top style?"

"So long as you keep the secret and obey me. If you fail in either, you are Mark Heriot again, with a term in the Central awaiting you," he said, threateningly.

"And his wife—what about her?"

"I don't fancy she will give us much trouble. She will detect the fraud at once, of course, that is part of the plan. But you are to be Mark Fanshaw, remember that!"

A moment later the two men left the room and went down the stairs.

Hope staggered out of the closet. Her head ached and her lips were parched and dry, while her eyes shone with the brightness of fever.

Next week's Ledger will contain further chapters of this thrilling story. You will find it strong and captivating to the end. We will give you constantly the very best stories of entertainment that money will buy, so send in your subscription and take the Ledger regularly, if you are not doing so. You will not regret it.

* * *

In Earnest.

Rev. Sylvester Horne, the Liberal M. P. from London, was talking about religion.

"Too many of us in our religious observances," he said, "are like a little Tottenham Court road girl.

"This little girl said one night to her new nurse:

"'O, must I sleep in the dark?'

"'Yes, Miss,' the nurse answered.

"'Then wait a minute,' said the little girl. 'I'll get up and say my prayers more carefully.'"

* * *

Do your best, and let it go at that.

HER MESSAGE.

"Now, my dear," said Quigway, as he looked around for his hat, "if there's anything you want me to do for you downtown speak up. The other day you said that I didn't like to do things for you, and I want to demonstrate that you're wrong."

"Oh, you mean well enough," replied Mrs. Quigway, "but I don't think I'll trouble you with any commission for me. Whenever I ask you to do anything you say it's silly, and I guess I'll do my own errands hereafter."

"Well, you must admit that you have asked me to do some idiotic things, and you can't blame me if I hate to oblige you in that way. Ask me to do something safe and sane, and then watch my smoke. Do you want me to call at the butcher's beef parlor and buy a ham? Shall I call at the fuel yard and order some coal? Do you want me to send out a blacksmith to fix the clock? I'm suffering to have you ask one sensible thing, and then I'll show you whether I am a desirable husband and an ornament to my sex."

"Well, if you insist, I'll ask you to do a little thing for me, and then we shall see what we shall see. I wish you would go into Jimson's store and see Belle Joneshugh, the cashier, and give her a little message."

"It isn't anything about ribbons or dress goods, is it?" inquired Quigway, uneasily.

"No, it has nothing to do with ribbons or dress goods. As you know, Belle Joneshugh was a chum of mine when I was a girl back in Ohio. She and Mary Kerfoote and I roomed together through one term of the academy. I've just had a letter from Mary, who married Mr. Proudhead, and she asked me to tell Belle that her sister Katherine——"

"Whose sister Katherine?" asked Quigway, who was beginning to perspire freely. "For goodness' sake, get this story so I can understand it. Is it Belle's sister or Mary's sister or Katherine's sister?"

"There you go, just as I knew you would," sighed Mrs. Quigway. "Mary wants Belle to know that Mary's sister Katherine is engaged to Professor Inglewood, who is distantly related to Belle, his mother having been a half-sister to Belle's late husband's mother. I'm sure nobody could make it any plainer than that. Mary says that Katherine jilted young Kickshaw, and Belle will be intensely interested in this news, for her sister Elizabeth's husband had for his first wife an elder sister of Kickshaw's——"

"Cut it out, cut it out!" groaned Quigway. "You'll have to make a phonograph record of that story and send it to Belle. If she listened to it every evening for a month she might begin to understand it. There does seem to be a fatality about this business. For weeks and weeks, ever since you reproached me with being unwilling to do any little commissions for you, I've been hoping you would give me one sensible errand, and it seems impossible for you to do it. Why don't you ever want a box of candy of a package of ice cream, or something I could get without undermining my reason?"

"I don't mind your refusal to do anything for me," replied Mrs. Quigway, with dignity, "for I believe all men are as heartless as you. But it does annoy me when I ask you to do some simple little thing, that wouldn't take a minute of your time, and you stand here and say I ask you to do silly things. What could be easier than to step into Jimpson's and tell Belle that Katherine——"

"Oh, don't start that rigmarole again, or I'll have a fit. Why not let me have that letter from Mary, and I can hand it over to Belle, and let her read all that business for herself? There's the simple, sensible thing to do."

"I think I see myself letting Belle Joneshugh read my correspondence! It's a private letter, and Mary says some things about Belle. I'll tell Belle myself when I see her."

* * *

Rules for Young Lovers.

Don't mention the weather.

Don't select a chair on the other side of the room.

If you hold her hand don't keep swinging it up and down while talking to her as if you were hammering something.

Don't mutter to yourself.

Don't begin by saying that you have something on your mind.

Don't be impulsive and try to force her head on your shoulder before the psychological moment.

Don't address the window pane.

Don't pace the floor.

Don't clasp your hand together. Same with your lips.

Don't talk between your teeth.

Don't take one of her hands in both of yours.

Don't keep your eyes fixed persistently on the end of her nose while you are talking.

Don't refer, even remotely, to the cost of living. It is bad taste to imply that love in any sense is bound by natural laws.

Don't pull the braid off the best sofa pillow.

Don't sit for a long time without saying anything.—Life.

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A Pugilistic Mayor.

John Barry, the mayor of Cornwall, an Australian mining town, was noted as a boxer in his younger days, and yet wields a vigorous arm, as the appended incident will show. He had been away from the town on leave, and as he outstayed it, a vote of censure was passed on him. At the next meeting of the council he, in his capacity as mayor, directed the minutes of the previous meeting to be read, which contained this entry:

'A vote of censure was passed on the mayor for outstaying his leave, and it was resolved to ask for an explanation."

"Who proposed this vote of censure?" inquired the mayor

"I did," said a councilor, standing up.

"You did, did you?" Mr. Barry continued, stepping from his presidential chair to the unfortunate member. "Then take that!"—and with these words the mayor smote his enemy in the right eye and felled him to the ground

"Who seconded the resolution?" Mr. Barry asked, quietly resuming his position.

There was no answer; the councilors were not anxious for a physical conflict with so hard a hitter as their mayor.

"Who seconded this resolution?" he asked again.

Still there was no answer.

"Then," said the mayor, taking up his pen "as there was no seconder, it's informal Scratch it off the minutes"

* * *

The Age of Deception.

"Sir," began the man with the newspaper in his hands, as he turned to the man on his right, "this is an age of deception."

"I quite agree with you," was the reply.

"Nothing is what it seems to be"

"No, nothing."

"For instance, you have been trying for the last ten minutes to get hold of my watch. I wear a chain, and the natural inference is that there is a watch at the end of it."

"But there is no watch?"

"No, sir. I wear the chain for an ornament. You have simply thrown away your time."

"And on your part," said the man who had failed, "you took this pin in my scarf for a real diamond, and have made no fewer than three attempts to secure it"

"And it is not a diamond?"

"No, sir! only paste, but I wear it for ornament, and it serves my purpose. You have wasted your energies. However, let's go for that old duffer as he gets off the car, and see what we can get."

* * *

A Proud Aunt.

Never had there been such a commotion in the little flat. And the most excited person present was the sister of a young mother who had just presented her husband with twins

Auntie was wildly delighted at being auntie in a double sense, and off she rushed to the postoffice for stamps to spread the great tidings.

Stamps!" she jerked, as she reached the counter and flung down her money.

"How many, miss?" politely inquired the clerk

'Two!" she cried joyously.

"What kind?"

"A boy and a girl," she returned rapturously, as she bade him hurry.

KNOWS NOW

Doctor Was Fooled By His Own Case For a Time.

It's easy to understand how ordinary people get fooled by coffee when doctors themselves sometimes forget the facts

A physician speaks of his own experience:

"I had used coffee for years and really did not exactly believe it was injuring me although I had palpitation of the heart every day. (Tea contains *caffeine*—the same drug found in coffee—and is just as harmful as coffee.)

"Finally one day a severe and almost fatal attack of heart trouble frightened me and I gave up both tea and coffee, using Postum instead and since that time I have had absolutely no heart palpitation except on one or two occasions when I tried a small quantity of coffee which caused severe irritation and proved to me I must let it alone

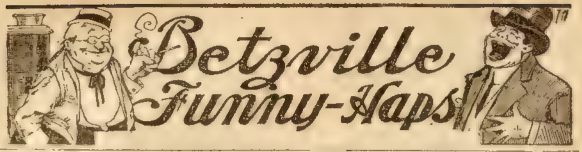
"When we began using Postum it seemed weak—that was because we did not make it according to directions—but now we put a little bit of butter in the pot when boiling and allow the Postum to boil full 15 minutes which gives it the proper rich flavour and the deep brown color.

"I have advised a great many of my friends and patients to leave off coffee and drink Postum, in fact I daily give this advice." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Many thousands of physicians use Postum in place of tea and coffee in their own homes and prescribe it to patients.

"There's a reason," and it is explained in the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.



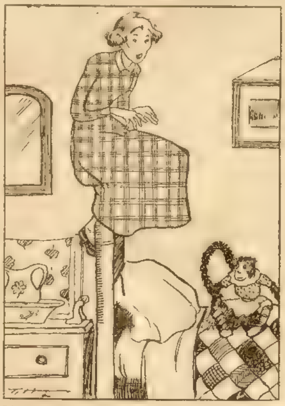
Miss Quat and Bedilla

By Ellis Parker Butler

[Copyright by W. G. Chapman.]

MISS Glaphyra Quat is one of the proudest aristocrats in Betzville, and for a long time it was a matter of sorrow with her that she was the last of the Quats. For years she tried strenuously to accomplish a matrimonial alliance with any one, so that the Quat line might not become extinct. but no one seemed to want Glaphyra; she was too long and thin, and ran too much to jaw-bone and shanks, and by the time she was fifty she was pretty well resigned, and felt that when she died the last Quat would perish off the face of the earth. She would sit in her rocking chair and sigh, and knit the kind of stockings the Quats had always worn—first a stripe of red and then a stripe of green, and then another stripe of red—and think how bad it was for the world that the Quats were about to leave it forever.

But last June a ray of joy came into her life. She read in the paper that Mr. Darwin decided that mankind is descended from the monkeys, and as soon as she read it she arose in her stately manner and smiled at the portrait of Ebenezer Quat. If what Mr. Darwin said was true she was no longer without relatives, for if the Quat line was traced back to the monkey ancestor and then traced down on the monkey side there must be a lot of monkeys in the world that were distant cousins of the Quats. This thought warmed Glaphyra's heart, and the next time a circus came to Betzville she stood before the monkey cage looking at the ring-tailed jumper and the blue-faced baboon with tears of family pride in her eyes.



She managed to climb to the top of the bed-post.

When the circus left town Glaphyra felt a void in her soul and her life seemed doubly empty, and she longed to have a Quat come and live with her. Luckily an Italian count with a wheezy hand organ happened along about then, leading a thin and flea-bit Quat at the end of a chain. When the Count played on the organ the Quat would hustle around and gather up pennies, and gathering pennies had always been a habit with the Quats, so Glaphyra knew this must be a cousin of hers, on the monkey side. So she hunted up one of her red and green stockings, and dug into it and bought the cousin. The first thing she did when she had tied Quat to the leg of the bed was to sit down and knit it a pair of red and green stockings, for they were one of the immutable Quat customs, and Glaphyra was proud to perpetuate the manners of her ancestors. Everything Glaphyra did was based on something one of her ancestors had done, and as far back as she could trace them they had been sedate and severe, and as stiff as ramrods, and as puritanical as pie.

So Glaphyra set about turning Bedilla—as she called the long-tailed Quat—into a real Quat. It was a hard job. Bedilla seemed to have more effervescense of spirit than ran in the human branch of the Quats. No Quat had ever jumped gracefully from the second-story window into an oak tree and then ran up the tree to hang from the topmost limb. No Quat had ever shinned up the bed-post and stood on her head on the top of the post. And, so far as Glaphyra knew, no Quat had ever swung by her tail from a chandelier; no Quat would have considered that ladylike. Glaphyra tried her best to make Bedilla like the oldest Quat of whom there was any record—Mrs. Waiting-for-the-Coming Susan Ann Quat of Nantucket, but she couldn't seem to do it Bedilla was always doing things that showed her red and green stockings clear up to the garters. It looked like a hopeless task, and Glaphyra began to doubt that Bedilla was really a Quat, for every Quat had always tried to be a replica of Mrs Waiting-for-the-Coming Quat. She was quite discouraged.

But one day when she was more discouraged than ever she happened to think that Mrs. Waiting-for-the-Coming Quat was only back some eight or ten generations, while Bedilla was acting as the monkeys had acted for the last eight or ten thousand years, and that Bedilla was probably acting just as the original Quat monkey, from whom all the Quats and all the monkeys had descended, had acted. She saw, right then, that Bedilla had the best of her, and was copying the oldest Quat of all, and that the monkey Quats had certainly retained the genuine original Quat characteristics. At first this was a shock to Glaphyra, and pained her, but she immediately began to rectify her mistake, and to adopt the habits of the original Quat, as she was in duty bound to do. Ancestral pride made it a duty

It was pretty hard work for Glaphyra to shin up the bed-post and stand on her head on the top of it. It was, as one might say, unaccustomed exercise for Glaphyra. But she went at it with a hearty will and did the best she could She never quite attained the ability to stand on her head on the top of the bed-post, for she was too long to do that without letting her feet stick up through the ceiling into the attic, but in a few months she managed to climb to the top of the bed-post and jabber. Then she would get down on the floor and stand on her head in the corner. Thus she did it in two sections, like a magazine story that is begun in the front of the magazine and concluded on page ninety-six. It was disjointed, but all there.

The next month she began to master the art of tree-climbing, and she did pretty good work at it, but she saw what a mistake the first Quat that had discarded the tail had made. Often when she fell with a rattling noise to the earth from a high bough, she regretted the tail, but she did the best she could without it, poor thing! She got so she could jump gracefully from the second-story window into the oak tree and hang from the topmost limb by her knees, and the best society of Betzville frequently gathered in her yard to see her do it. Several of our most distinguished citizens remarked that Glaphyra was really making a perfect monkey of herself

But last Wednesday afternoon the end came. Glaphyra was practicing jumping from the top of the piano to the chandelier, when Bedilla deliberately sat down on the floor and removed her red and green stockings and chewed them to rags Then she removed her black calico dress and chewed that to rags. And so on, as we might say. And when Bedilla had chewed everything, and had no clothes left, she dashed gaily from the house and climbed the telephone pole in front of the gate. For just one moment Glaphyra hesitated, and she had pulled off one red and green stocking, but when she glanced out of the front window and saw the best citizens of Betzville gathering around the telephone pole she pulled the stocking on again and decided that Darwin was an old fraud, anyway, and that Bedilla was only an ignorant foreigner. When the crowd had waited for half an hour they sent Uncle Ashdod Clute in to see what had happened to Glaphyra, and he found her in the kitchen making a green apple pie according to the recipe of Mrs. Waiting-for-the-Coming Susan Ann Quat.

Next week: "Phipps and the Carp." It's a real "funny-hap." Read it.

* * *

A Fertile Field.

"Great Scott, man. I didn't expect to run across you in this village What is a fellow of your ability doing among all these boobs?"

"The boobs"

* * *

Also More Profitable.

"What is sweeter than to have a friend you can trust?" asked Sawkins.

"To have a friend who will trust you" replied Dawkins.

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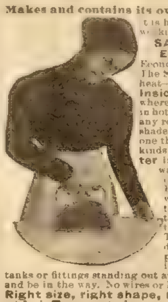

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A Masterpiece Gone to Waste.

The very seedy-looking young man made his way with difficulty down the corridor on the ninth floor of one of New York's best hotels, and knocked loudly at his friend's door. Anguish was written on his face and wrinkles on his clothes. He was a walking sign of what it means to spend a hard night.

"What's the matter?" called out the sleepy friend.

"Matter? It's a tragedy, a death, the end of all things—ruination and grief!"

"Well, what is it?" inquired the drowsy man, without opening the door.

Whereupon the seedy-looking young man, leaning against the door and lifting his voice to a howl, replied:

"I called up my wife on the long-distance telephone last night and told her why I had not returned. I gave her a perfectly good excuse. And now I can't remember what it was!"

❧

Tut, Tut, Tut!

Uncle Tom was on his knees in the library seeking a book in the lowest shelf of the well-filled cases. Little Benny, his nephew, entered the room on pleasure bent.

"Oh, Uncle Tom, let's play horse," cried Benny. "I'll be the rider," and he made an attempt to get upon his uncle's back.

"Tut, tut, tut!" sputtered Uncle Tom. "Tut, tut——"

"Whee! Bully!" exclaimed Benny. "We'll play motor-boat and I'll be the engineer."

❧

Moses' Tablets.

Percy—Miss Jane, did Moses have the same after-dinner complaint my papa's got?

Miss Jane—Gracious me, Percy! Whatever do you mean, my dear?

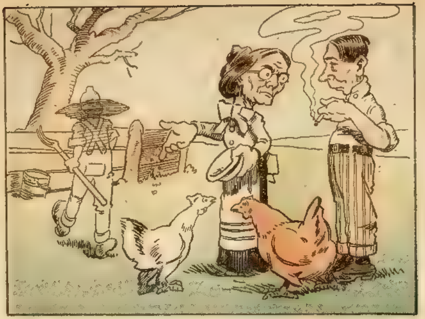
Percy—Well, it says here the Lord gave Moses two tablets.

❧

What the Doctor Thinks.

"The vermiform appendix is of no real value to a human being, is it?"

"Well," replied the physician, "it's a good deal of a financial help to the doctor who takes it out."



Visitor—Why, how angrily you spoke to that hired man, it's a wonder he doesn't quit.

Ma Simmers—That's one hired man that can't quit. He's my husband.

Extravagance.

Mrs. Styles—Is that a new silk hat, Henry?

Mr. Styles—Yes, dear.

"How much was it?"

"Why, it was $8, dear."

"What! Eight dollars and not a bird or a ribbon or a feather on it?"

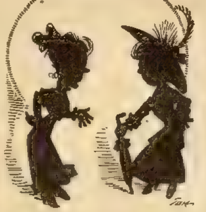
❧

A Better Rest.

"The after-lunch nap is my favorite hour of the whole day."

"I thought you didn't sleep after lunch."

"I don't, but my wife does!"



"Is it true, Mrs. Mudike, that you are going to get a divorce from your husband because he snores? Is it really so dreadful?"

"Dreadful? Why, he even snores with his toes when his foot's asleep!"

❧

Reading Character.

Careful Parent—Before I can give consent to your proposed marriage to my daughter I must know something about your character.

Suitor—Certainly, sir, certainly. Here is my bankbook.

Careful Parent (after a glance)—Take her, my son, and be happy.

❧

Lively Times.

Butcher—Come, John, be lively now! Break the bones in Mr. Williamson's chops and put Mr. Ray's ribs in the basket for him.

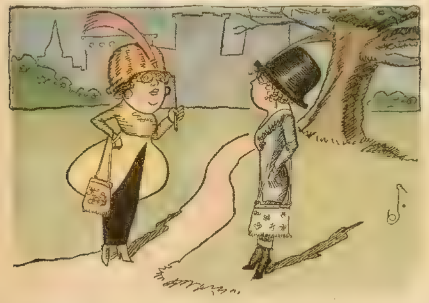
John (briskly)—All right, sir, just as soon as I have sawed off Mrs. Murphy's leg.

❧

Often Becoming.

Marks—Your hair will be gray if it keeps on.

Parks—Well, if it keeps on I shan't mind.



Mrs. Wall—Did the basket picnic turn out as you anticipated?

Mrs. Dale—Yes. The raspberry pies were all squashed, we forgot the can opener and the lemon squeezer, nine hammocks broke and it rained coming home.

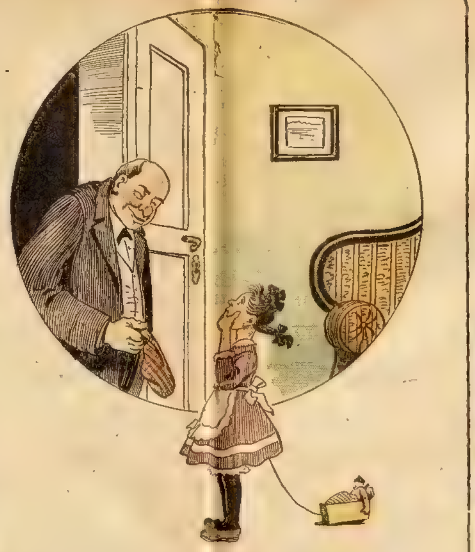
The Gloomy Bachelor.

Each night he read with visage sad
The marriages and deaths with care;
Then faintly smiled and said, "I'm glad
To see I'm not yet mentioned there."

Between Girls.

Ethel—Jack says I grow prettier every day.

Kate—What a fright you must have been at the start.

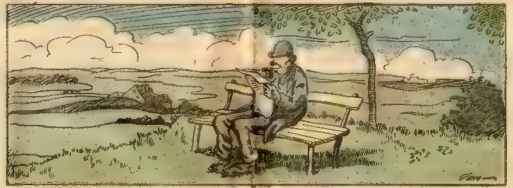


"Oh, you've come for the rent? Well, mamma completely forgot to leave it with me for you!"

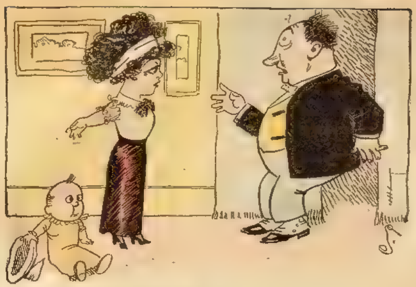
"How do you know she forgot?"

"Mamma told me, in case you should come."

A VALE OF TEARS.



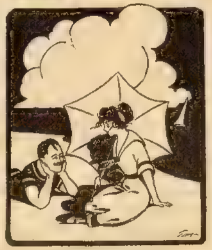
The Hobo—Pretty soon there'll be no place in the world where it'll be safe for a man to stay! The paper is full of automobile accidents, railway smashups and chances to work!



Excited Mamma—Oh, Henry, baby took the scissors to your Panama hat!

Frantic Papa—Heavens! Did he hurt it?

Excited Mamma—He cut a canal across it.



Alf—My dear, I'll love you when we are both old and gray.

Annie—Do I have to wait that long?

❧

By the Stems.

Heny was very proud of the new kittens and went for them to show them to the visitors. His mother heard them coming along the hall, and, alarmed at the noise of the procession, called out: "Don't hurt the kittens, Henry!"

"No, mother," came the reassuring answer, "I'm carrying them very carefully by the stems."

❧

The Finish.

Patience—Have you noticed in a circus parade that they always have the calliope wagon bring up the end of the line?

Patrice—Yes, that is to let you know that the worst is yet to come.

❧

Not Such a Much at Home.

"Your father seems to be an important member of the community."

"Guess you've only seen him outside of home. Ma doesn't think he's such a much."

❧

Often Do.

"What's fresh in spring hats?"

"Well, the milliners have invented two or three new vegetables, I believe."

Never Feazed Her.

Mr. Niggard—I'm sorry to say, dear, regarding—er—that birthday gift I promised you—er—diamonds are up in price now, higher than I can afford——

Mrs. Niggard—I'm sorry, dear.

Mr. Niggard—Yes; it is disappointing——

Mrs. Niggard—Yes, it's too bad that you'll have to pay more than you can afford.

❧

Same Thing.

"Here, let me try to start it," said the kindly neighbor. "Maybe I can do it."

"Did you ever crank an automobile before?" asked the troubled owner.

"No, but I've cranked a phonograph at our house almost every night, and that's almost the same thing."

A Suggestion.

The restaurant manager stood behind the cashier's desk, wearing his stock-in-trade smile for each customer.

An old gentleman came up. "I notice," said he, fumbling with his wallet, "that you advertise to make your own pies."

"Yes, sir," answered the manager proudly, "we do."

"Would you permit me to offer a suggestion?"

"Certainly, sir, certainly. We should be most happy to have you."

"Well, then let some one else make 'em."

❧

The Prune Club.

"Well, I've got one for you this morning," said the thin boarder, coming to the breakfast table. "When are some men like Swiss cheese?"

"When they are smooth?" suggested the blonde typewriter.

"Not right this time, girlie."

"Perhaps it is when they appear to be holey," suggested a Y. M. C. A. boy at the foot of the table.

"Well, you nearly struck it," said the thin boarder. "When you can see through 'em."

❧

The Kind She Wanted.

The lecturer had been describing some of the sights he had seen abroad.

"There are some spectacles," he said, "that one never forgets."

"I wish you could tell where I can get a pair of them," exclaimed an old lady in the audience. "I'm always forgetting mine."

❧

What Did He Get?

Lawyer (to the judge)—Would it be contempt of court to call your honor a crook and a thief?

Judge—It certainly would.

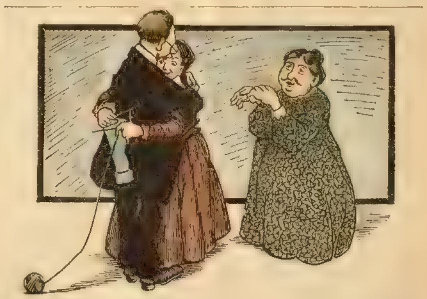
Lawyer—Then I won't take the chance, your honor.

❧

Ever Take It?

"Matrimony is a step in the dark."

"Merely another way of saying that it jars you like the step that isn't there, eh?"



"My sweetheart is so industrious! She can't exist without employment. When I proposed to her she held me in a speechless embrace for a quarter of an hour—but during that time she finished the stocking she was knitting, behind my back!"

Natural Conclusion.

"When I was a tiny boy with ringlets," said the man with little hair, "they used to call me Archie."

"I suppose now they call you Archibald."

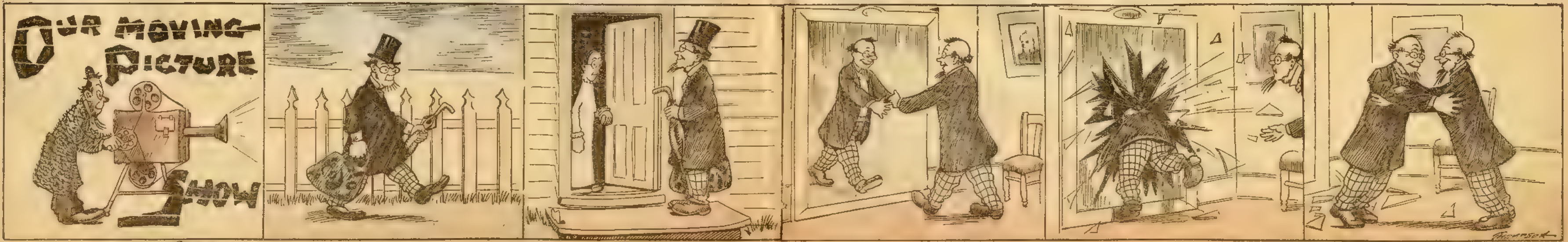
He Woke Up.

He (innocently)—Golf certainly keeps you in good shape.

She (suggestively)—Literally speaking?

He (waking up)—No, figuratively.

HOW THE TWINS MET.



"How glad I will be to see my twin brother again after twenty years of absence. Ah, there is his house!"

"Is this Hiram Jenkin's house? It is? All right, I'll come in and surprise him!"

"Ah, there he is! My dear twin brother, how my heart thrills at sight of you!"

"Oof! Ouch! [illegible]

[illegible]

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Agent's Directory List, Indiana, Pa.

“Everybody Plays ‘Truth.’”

“LET'S play the game of ‘Truth,’” said Marjory, as she poured the coffee from her new percolator.

“I thought this society was formed for the purpose of discussing topics of the day and not for frivolous pursuits,” declared the lofty browed, spectacled Imogene.

“Well, it was,” put in Amy, “but we needn't be intelligent every second of every meeting.”

“Perfectly right,” said Inez. “We've sifted the tariff question, immigration, municipal ownership and the child's welfare this afternoon. If we argue any more there won't be anything left for next week's meeting.”

“I don't know how to play ‘Truth.’ I never heard of such a game in Bucyrus,” said Bernice, the visiting girl.

“Well, all you do is just tell every girl here exactly what you think of her,” explained Edith. “You must tell her good qualities and her bad qualities. But it must be the plain, unvarnished truth, irrespective of anybody's feelings.”

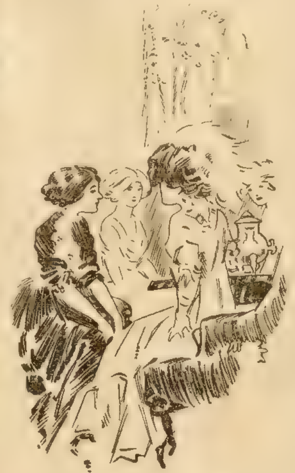
“Oh, I couldn't do that in a million years,” gasped Amy. “I think you are all perfect dears.”

“But everbody plays ‘Truth,’” declared Marjory. “It's fascinating. Besides, it's good for any girl to learn her faults. Some great philosopher said, ‘Know thyself.’ I forget who he was, but he said it, anyway. And none of us will get angry, no matter what is said, will we, girls?”

“No, indeed,” returned an emphatic chorus. “We are too broadminded for that.”

“Come, Helen, you begin the game,” suggested Marjory.

“All right. I'll start with Inez,” assented Helen, without hesitation. “Inez, you have a sweet, lovely disposition, and you are lots of fun, but you have no idea of style or dress. It's a pity. Amy said only yesterday, ‘How can that girl wear that impossible white polo coat when she is so fat and dumpy?’”



“Everybody plays ‘truth’.”

“Why, Helen, how dare you say such a thing?” demanded Amy, indignantly. “I never said that!”

“You know you did,” calmly answered Helen.

“It isn't kind to make fun of one's physical imperfections,” declared Inez, haughtily. “I didn't dream that my dearest friend would do so ignoble a thing. I'll never forget it.”

“You know, Inez, we promised at the beginning that we wouldn't get angry,” said Marjory, putting her arm around the offended one.

“I'm not angry. No, indeed. Not at all. Far from it. But I'll have to be going. Good-by.” And as Inez left she slammed the door behind her.

“Who will tell me the truth?” inquired Edith, breaking the silence.

“I will,” eagerly offered Imogene. “You are a stunning-looking girl, but you can think and talk about nothing except dress and men. You are man crazy. It's absurd!”

“Well, thank goodness, I'm not a musty bookworm like yourself—always quoting Latin that nobody cares about or understands,” snapped Edith. “My brother said last night ‘Preserve me from that walking bookshop.’”

Imogene opened her mouth to speak, then closed it firmer and held her hands over it.

“Will some one tell me something?” begged Bernice of Bucyrus. “I'm not easily offended. I think this game is awfully cute.”

“If you really want me to, I'll say that if you didn't whine so and if you wore your skirts shorter and your waists longer, and if you combed your hair in 1912 style, instead of 1492 fashion, and if you didn't say ‘How cute!’ a dozen times a minute, you might make a presentable visiting girl,” vouchsafed Edith.

“Oh, water, please—I'm faint,” gasped Bernice of Bucyrus. “Now I'm going home to mother.”

Then Marjory was told that she wasn't sincere because she was too sweet to everybody, and Helen was informed that she had no tact and that she wasn't amiable enough to be popular.

When the last girl had departed Marjory rushed into her mother's room, threw her arms around her mother's neck and promptly burst into tears.

“Our club has disbanded,” she sobbed. “Every girl is angry at every other girl. I haven't a friend in the world. My heart is broken. Oh, that horrible, horrible game! Why does anybody ever tell the truth?”

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Race to Kiss Bride.

Missouri has a number of German settlements, mostly in Gasconade, Warren and Lafayette Counties, and while much has been heard of the Old World atmosphere peculiar to them, perhaps few know to what extent ancient customs, quaint and full of poetic interest, survive in many of them.

A marriage in a Missouri German settlement commonly means unfeigned rejoicing among young and old, because of the intimate spirit that pervades them. When lovers come to an agreement each selects a friend, and the two friends toss for the honor of being the herald, whose duty it is in country communities to announce the wedding and to invite the friends of the betrothed couple. On the day assigned he mounts his horse, gayly caparisoned and with the mane twisted in many-colored ribbons, and rides forth over the countryside on his mission. He carries a long trumpet of the medieval pattern, not a megaphone, and if you are among those honored, rides to your door, calls you out and announces the fact to you. In return for his courtesy and kindness and the honor extended you are expected to bestow a small coin in way of largess to show your appreciation and to tie a streamer of bright-colored ribbon to his arm, following which he gallops gayly away to the next place.

On the wedding day the illusion is preserved with fully as much fidelity. The bride and groom are escorted to the Lutheran Church in the village by six outriders, three for each, riding on opposite sides of the carriage and carrying long clubs instead of pikes as in the days of old. The guests, a large company, as a usual thing, of young and old, follow in carriages or on horseback, and the pageant is as joyful as it is colorful, one of the many pretty things the Germans have brought to America.

Nothing unusual transpires until the minister finishes the ceremony and the bride is safely back in her carriage, and then follows the most interesting and the most exciting spectacle of all. But one kiss can be given by the bride, save to her husband, and that goes to the man who can beat her back home. If she outstrips her pursuers no one gets the kiss. As a result the wildest of scrambles ensues. The young fellows are all well mounted and are fearless riders and the chase begins, with the old folks in vehicles racing along behind in order to be present when the coveted kiss is won.

The race may last for miles, and if you meet the riders it is the part of safety to get out of the way as speedily as possible. They sweep along at a gallop, a score of them perhaps, and heed nothing, if you be a friend, carrying you along with them. Some more daring than the rest are sure to take the fence and then follows a mad race across the fields, with the bride speeding down the roads perhaps a mile away. Perhaps nowhere else on this continent is the custom still adhered to and there is a flavor of medievalism about it that makes it worth going many miles to see. The kiss is always claimed, the bride never having bad taste enough to win, and is freely and vigorously given. At night steins and music are the order and the celebration lasts until sunrise, rest being denied alike to the guests and the wedded couple. This is the only modern thing about a German wedding and is fully as strenuous as the rest of it.

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Like Father.

It was in the far backwoods of Canada that the young Englishman and his wife had settled down. Rarely did they see a fresh face, and even when strangers did chance to call it was always late at night; in the early morning they would be away again.

So little Johnny had to content himself with his own amusements and find out excitement for himself. By the time he was 4 years old he knew the names of dozens of animals and birds, but very little about human nature.

One day he saw a strange, unknown creature approaching his home. He watched it until it came quite near, and now there seemed something familiar about it. He turned and ran, wild with excitement.

“Oh, mummy, look! Quick! Here's a funny fing like farver coming!”

It was the second man he had ever seen!

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Cause for Alarm.

“These men,” said Mrs. Voteby Gumm, “are becoming very assertive and aggressive.”

“Yes,” replied Mrs. Baring Banners, “something must be done to check them. The first thing we konw they will be wearing divided skirts.”

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Worse.

“Did that man pay for votes?”

“Worse'n that! He promised to pay for 'em an' then refused to make good.”

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Fetters of Guilt.

(Continued from page two.)

tracks were those of Dent himself?"

"No, sir, I have not. Mr. Dent was a man above the medium size, and the tracks might have been his."

"Did you compare the measurement you made with the shoes worn by Dent?"

"I did, but it was not possible for me to say whether the tracks had been made by the shoes or not. The size corresponded well enough, but owing to the indistinctness of the footprints, an accurate comparison could not be made. I am not an expert in such matters, and what might escape my notice might be as plain as day to those who make such affairs a business."

Quigley made a careful inspection of the room in which the murder had been committed, asking many questions of the landlord. When he had finished, he returned to his room, where he made various entries in a notebook.

CHAPTER IV

THEORIES.

Dennis left the inn and strolled about the village. At the postoffice were a number of idlers, and, naturally, they were discussing the only real sensation the village had furnished in a dozen years—the murder at the Black Bear Inn.

Dennis Quigley was amused at the multiplicity of theories advanced by those discussing the affair, and yet the theories were not without interest to him. In cases where the wise ones differ, it is not infrequent that the fool is successful. This is accounted for on the theory that the very truth itself often seems so illogical as to be rejected by the analytical mind that exacts a reason for everything, while the primitive mind is moved only by intuition. Some held to the theory that the mysterious negro had committed the deed, while others adhered to the theory of suicide.

Among the crowd gathered at the postoffice was Mitford, reporter for the Herald. He listened quietly to all that was said, and now and then he would cast a glance at Quigley.

"What I'd like to know," remarked Casterline, the grocer, "is what became of the friends Mortimer Dent was expecting. As far as I can learn, not one of them has showed up." He lit his pipe and settled himself back in his chair. No one interrupted him, and all waited patiently for him to go on, for he always had an interesting theory about anything of the mysterious kind.

"I don't profess to be any detective," he continued, "but I generally have an opinion about a thing that takes place under my very nose. Now, in the first place, who was Mortimer Dent? Nobody seems to know much about him. He had lived for a time in St. Louis, where he engaged in the real estate business. Before that he had been knocking about from pillar to post, now in Los Angeles, and next in Seattle, and at various points in the West. He never made any intimate friends, as far as I have been able to learn. He had no relatives that any one knows of, and his life is something of a mystery. He makes his appearance at the Black Bear Inn; pays for a week in advance, and says he will wait for some friends to join him and then go into the hills to the north. He speaks of a negro with whom he has had some trouble, and that night he is murdered in his room.

"Who was the young man who came to the inn giving his name as Robert Smith, engages a room, retires apparently, but gets up and leaves in the middle of the night? Was he an acquaintance of Dent's? Did he commit the murder? Who was it that visited Bateman in the middle of the night and engaged him to haul Dent and his outfit into the hills? If Robert Smith was not an acquaintance of Dent's, why did he visit Dent's room so late that night? That he did this there can be no doubt. What has become of Robert Smith? No one has seen or heard of him since he left the Black Bear the night of the murder—unless it was he who came to Bateman's for the wagon and team. It is absurd to suppose that Mortimer Dent could have gone to Bateman's and have returned, been murdered and the murderer made his escape before Bateman reached the inn. What was the object of the murder? Was it robbery? A small sum of money and a watch—a valuable watch—were not taken. No one knows what was taken. There might have been a large sum of money and other valuables. But be that as it may, the whole matter is something of a puzzle.

"It looks as if there was some sort of a conspiracy—that the motive was not robbery. There are more characters in this tragedy than have yet come into the light. They will make appearance in time—they can't help it. Let us once find the negro and we shall have the connecting link—" the grocer smiled—"not the connecting link between the monkey and man, but between the crime and those who planned it.

"It has been said that Mortimer Dent had no living relatives. It was also reported that he had a brother in South America and a niece in St. Louis. But it seems that no one has been able to find any relative. If there were any, they must have learned of Dent's death through the papers, yet none of them have made their appearance at Mapleton.

"My belief is that the motive for committing the murder was revenge, or a desire to get Mortimer Dent out of the way for some purpose. Now, in order to get a clew one must know something more of Mortimer Dent and his friends or associates, and of his relatives, if he had any, and then find out if any of them could have had a motive for wanting Mortimer Dent out of the way.

"But there are cases in which all the fine theories that can be advanced go wide of the mark, and," he glanced at Mitford, the young man who represented the Herald, "it is not infrequent that the mere novice, who knows nothing about deduction or analysis, gets at the heart of the matter by pure luck and awkwardness."

Mitford smiled good-humoredly.

"Thank you, Mr. Casterline," he remarked. "Your words give me hope. I think I shall get a move on at once."

"No offense, young man," apologized the grocer, slapping the reporter on the shoulder. "If I can give you any help at any time, drop around and see me."

The grocer pushed himself out of the crowd and quitted the office. Quigley sauntered in the direction of the inn, his head bent in thought.

Inside the square was a little park in which the denizens of Mapleton had, at a remote period of the town's history, expected to see a courthouse, but the fight to secure the county seat had been lost, and now only a band-stand occupied the site. As Mapleton had had no band for years, the structure was falling into decay. In fact, everything in the village showed signs of dilapidation excepting the trees, which seemed to mock the decay of man's works with their strudy vitality and perennial aggression.

As Dennis Quigley passed through the park he was joined by Paul Darrell, the station agent.

He drew Quigley aside to a seat in the shade of a spreading elm.

"I get a two weeks' lay off every year," he said, "and I'm going to take it now." He handed Quigley a cigar and took one himself and lit it.' "I thought it a good time to take my outing," he continued, "for just at this time there's a little diversion in prospect."

Quigley lit his cigar and waited for the station agent to go on.

"If a fellow could by any chance put his hand on a large African running at large in the woods in the vicinity of Willow Creek," continued Darrell, "it might lead to something. What do you think?"

"I'm not looking for any negro," replied Quigley

Paul Darrell eyed the reporter steadily.

"Why?" he asked.

"I have reasons," replied Quigley.

"Then you believe the negro is a myth?"

"I haven't said that," answered Quigley

"No, but your words imply it. Of course you have your own theories. I also have mine. I don't ask you to give me any tips as to the line you are following."

"Oh, it isn't that," answered Quigley. "I said I was not looking for any negro. Did it not occur to you that the man who was prowling about Mortimer Dent's camp might have been a white man made up as a negro?"

Paul Darrell's under jaw fell.

"By thunder! that may be the truth!" he cried.

"There is nothing certain about it, of course," remarked Quigley, "but it is an idea worth keeping in mind."

"Sure thing," nodded Darrell. "I shall keep it in mind. But say, how would you like to go with me for a day's outing on Willow Creek? I have a buggy, and we can drive out early in the morning. We might fish a little, and incidentally, look for something else. What do you say."

"Sure I'll go," assented Quigley. "Only too glad. What time do you start?"

"Very early—say five o'clock?"

"Good. I'll be ready."

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* * *

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"He has that," said Mrs. Mulcahey "They've sint him to the pinitinchery for twinty years."

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Write me today and learn how you can obtain Nature's Assistant Herbs ABSOLUTELY FREE. Full information and testimonials sent. Used in my own family for eighty years. Successful every time. Simple, absolutely harmless. Nature's own remedy. Correspondence strictly confidential. Mrs. Beatrice A. Shirley, Bloomingdale, Mich.

Fish Will Bite like hungry wolves, fill your nets traps or trot line if you bait with Magic-Fish-Lure.

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16, 18, 20, 23, 27, 28 and 35 footers at proportionate prices, including Family Launches, Speed Boats, Auto Boats and Hunting Cabin Cruisers. We are the world's largest Power Boat Manufacturers. A NEW PROPOSITION to DEMONSTRATING AGENTS. Sixty-four different models in all sizes ready to ship, equipped with the simplest motors made; start without cranking. only three moving parts; ten-year old child can run them. Boats and engines fully guaranteed. 12,500 satisfied owners Write today for large Free Illustrated Catalog DETROIT BOAT CO. 1090 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

Chicago Ledger

Entered as second-class matter June 25, 1885, at the postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879.

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Back numbers of the Ledger can be had by addressing this office. Always give the numbers desired, plainly written, accompanied by your full address, and your order will receive prompt attention. Price 5 cents per copy.

BEWARE OF STRANGERS.

The Ledger employs no traveling agents to solicit subscriptions, and every person working in that capacity is a fraud. No person is authorized to take subscriptions for the Ledger unless he or she be well known in the city or village where they have been appointed agents to sell this paper every week. A liberal reward will be paid for evidence that will enable us to arrest and convict such persons as are now traveling from town to town in different sections of this country, claiming to be agents of the Ledger and thereby defrauding the people. Beware of strangers

ADVERTISING.

Advertising rate $2.25 per Agate Line, per insertion for advertisements in the The Chicago Ledger and The Saturday Blade combined. These two weeklies have an average circulation of

1,000,000
COPIES WEEKLY.

Better a wooden leg than a blockhead.

Knowledge often causes a lot of worry.

Most politicians expect plums and get lemons.

One day's worship will not balance six days' hypocrisy.

Better a close-mouthed friend than a close-fisted enemy.

One way to face difficulties is to turn your back on them.

We at least expect a toper to have sober second thoughts.

Many a man works himself to death trying to make a living.

If all women were alike no man would ever become a bigamist

A husband under a woman's thumb is worth two in the cemetery.

He is a wise man who can keep his face closed at the right time.

Money makes the airship go up—and come down for more gasoline.

Don't get the idea that you can catch happiness by running after it.

If a man has a reputation for being a bad egg don't try to beat him.

Never judge by appearance. Sometimes a man's nose is naturally red.

When you see an impecunious friend it may prove to be a touching sight.

A woman's love letter is two-thirds imagination and one-third hysteria.

And many a man would rather be called a game sport than a good citizen.

Outwardly most people are cheerful givers, but how about the feeling inside?

Nothing disappoints some women more than to find that a scandal isn't after all.

One touch of weather supplies the whole world with something to talk about.

Virtue may be its own reward, but the reward isn't always legal tender at the corner grocery.

Even if a man does know his own mind he may not have cause to be proud of his acquaintance.

A man never knows much until he is three score and ten and then he hasn't much use for knowledge

And some church members seem to think it is up to the minister to make good for the entire congregation.

The newly married couple who imagine that they can live on love in a cottage will wake up some morning to find the rats leaving the place in disgust.

ANECDOTES OF PEOPLE

Wouldn't Overwork.

She had the reputation of being a good servant, the employment agent said, but a terrible stickler for her rights. Work that she considered a part of her legitimate duties she did well; work that properly belonged to somebody else she wouldn't do at all.

"And quite right," said the new employer. "There will be no imposition in our house. Nobody's duties will overlap."

So she hired the girl. At the end of their first day together the maid was instructed to mount the stepladder and wind the tall fourteen-day clock.

"You have to turn the key fourteen times to wind it clear up," said the mistress. "Once for each day the clock runs."

The maid turned the key seven times then stepped down.

"Why didn't you finish?" her mistress asked.

"Because," said the girl. "I'm not sure I shall be here longer than one week, and I am not going to do the next girl's work."

Little Sister Knew.

Manager Ellis, head of a local motor car tire agency hails from Richmond, Ind., which is the heart of the Quaker belt of Hoosierdom. His father was a Quaker minister, whose duty it often became to preach the sermon at Quaker marriage ceremonies in Richmond, it being the custom for the contracting parties to "marry themselves," the minister garnishing the ceremony with a little sermon.

On one occasion the father was to deliver the sermon at a Quaker wedding and at the dinner table that day the son took occasion to inquire, what his subject would be. Before the father could answer up spoke the little sister:

"I can tell thee, brother, what it ought to be," she said. "Father forgive them, they know not what they do."

She Was Wise.

A woman in Trenton, N. J., who has been having a lot of trouble with her domestic help, was obliged recently to accept the temporary service of a raw recruit in the shape of an Irish girl just landed in this country.

After a preliminary survey of the girl and a dejected sigh, the lady of the house asked:

"What can you do?"

"Shure, most anything at all, mum," responded the newcomer.

The lady of the house glanced about the room. There was everything to be done. "Could you fill the lamps!" she finally ventured to ask.

"Shure, I kin fill the lamps!" exclaimed the enthusiastic Celt, as she grabbed one and started out. Then, with the air of one wishing above all things to suit the possible caprice of a new employer, she paused to query:

"An' is it gas or oil ye'll be wantin' them filled with?"

A New One on Her.

There was recently presented to a newly married young woman in Baltimore such a unique domestic proposition that she felt called upon to seek expert advice from another woman, whom she knew to possess considerable experience in the cooking line.

"Mrs. Jones," said the first-mentioned young woman, as she breathlessly entered the apartment of the latter, "I'm sorry to trouble you, but I must have your advice."

"What is the trouble, my dear?"

"Why, I've just had a 'phone message from Harry, saying that he is going out this afternoon to shoot clay pigeons. Now, he's bound to bring a lot home, and I haven't the remotest idea how to cook them. Won't you please tell me?"

"Why is it that you are so strongly opposed to extending to women the right to vote?"

"My wife has become a suffragette."

"Well, what of it? Do you find that she neglects the children, or that she isn't paying enough attention to the business of running the house?"

"No; it's not that. She's become so blamed well informed on public matters that I have to keep busy reading all the time in order to prevent her from finding out my ignorance concerning such things."—Judge.

WANT ADS

Want and Classified Advertising not less than 14 words accepted for insertion in the Ledger and Blade at 25 cents per word.

AUTOMOBILES FOR SALE

BRAND new 1912 Automobiles, any make, any model, fully guaranteed, from $50 to $500 less than regular prices. State make and model wanted. Referenced agent wanted every town. OWNERS! Get our SELLING-COST-ELIMINATED prices tires and accessories. The Union Motor Sales Co., 4027 CPA, Dayton, Ohio.

AGENTS WANTED

$2.50 per day paid man or woman. In each town to distribute free circulars and take orders for concentrated flavoring in tubes. J. S Ziegler Co., 443 S. Dearborn Street, Chicago.

WANTED Agents to sell rich looking imported 36x68 rugs. $1 each. R. H. Carter, Milan, Tenn., sold 115 in four days. His profit $51. You can do as well. Write for sample offer and unique selling plan. Exclusive territory. Condon, Importer, Stonington, Maine.

REMNANT Store Cincinnati. Greatest dry goods bargains on earth. Proposition to agents and storekeepers.

AGENTS either sex to take orders for "EGYPTO" TRIPLE SERVICE NECKWEAR. Five ties for One Dollar. Sell on sight. INDIANAPOLIS NECKWEAR CO., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

$25 Weekly taking orders for cutrate groceries. Outfit free. Progressive Table Supply Co., Toledo, Ohio.

AGENTS on salary or commission. The greatest agent's seller ever produced; every user of pen and ink buys it on sight; 200 to 500 per cent profit; one agent's sales amounted to $620 in six days; another $32 in two hours. Monroe Mfg. Co. X, 96, La Crosse, Wis.

FOR SALE: Very old German Bible, printed 1720. Rare. R. F. D. 3, Box 36, Falls City, Neb.

MAIL Order Business. Big Money. No Investment but postage and stationery. Full method for stamp. W. Newnham, Waukegan, Ill.

SOL-VO-LAC cleans kid gloves, straw hats, colthing, silverware; removes ink and paint spots. 50 cents prepaid in U. S. Liberal discount to Agents. Merrill Chemical Works, 145 Tenth St., Toledo, Ohio.

AGENTS write for unparalleled special offer, six pair Triplewear Hose Free. Big money selling Triplewear Hosiery; beautiful line; guaranteed six months. Triplewear Mills, Dept. K. 13th & Sansom, Philadelphia.

BOY Scouts earn money and Scout Equipment in spare time after school and on Saturdays. Easy work. Costs nothing to start. Send your name and address on a postal to The Christian Herald, Sales Department D, New York.

BIG profits in Fluff, solid shampoo, and Toilet Goods. Every woman buys and repeats. Commissions on re-orders. Sample free. Itsco., 1949 Orchard, Chicago.

MAKE Photos Cheap. Free camera, supplies, developing catalogs. Rex Bromide Co., Lincoln Park Station, Chicago.

AGENTS—$35 a week for two hours work a day, selling wonderful household necessity, new selling plan with free advertising does it. Collette Mfg. Co., Box 72, Amsterdam, N. Y.

$10 STARTS you in AUTOMOBILE BUSINESS selling all makes standard 1912 cars at big discounts. Also complete line tires and accessories. 200 page accessory catalog. We pay advertising, furnish you inquiries. Testimonials satisfied purchasers all parts country. Exclusive territory. The Union Motor Sales Co., 4127 CPA, Dayton, Ohio.

FREE—"Investing For Profit" Magazine. Send me your name and I will mail you this magazine absolutely free. Before you invest a dollar anywhere get this magazine—it is worth $10 a copy to any man who intends to invest $5 or more per month. Tells you how $1,000 can grow to $22,000—how to judge different classes of investments, the real earning power of your money. This magazine six months free, if you write today. H. L. Barber, Publisher, 453, 28 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago

AGENTS sell Titanic Disaster! Big illustrated book of Survivors' Stories, etc. Only $1.00; agents' profit 50c. Hustlers make $10 daily. Send 10c pay postage on outfit. American Book and Bible House, Phila.

HELP WANTED

WANTED—Agents to sell Printers, Engineers, Motormen—anybody who wants clean hands—Vanco, the perfect hand soap and household cleanser. Let anybody try a sample and you make a quick sale. Add twelve dollars per week easily to your income. We want hustling representatives in every shop. Enclose ten cents for full-size can and particulars. Address Box 112, The J. T. Robertson Company, Manchester, Conn.

WANTED—Men to engage in Secret Service. 10c brings proposition. Training free. Address, Manager, Box 201, Martinsville, Virginia.

WANTED: Young man between 18 and 35 for position as salesman. Must be neat, energetic; not afraid of work; with confidence in himself; nerve and an ambition to make himself successful. Experience not needed because each new man is immediately taught the science of selling and our sytsem. This work is interesting, instructive, and very profitable. Position permanent; income what you make it. References required. Address Wm. E. Duff & Company, Suite 323, 803 W. Madison St., Chicago.

WANTED—Active man in each locality. To join this Society. And introduce our Memberships. Sick, accident, death benefits. All or spare time. Make $50 to $500 a month. Write. Box LH-293, Covington, Ky.

BOYS, start a business in your own neighborhood that will provide you with spending money every week; work in spare time after school; will not interfere with school duties; learn salesmanship. We will send you everything necessary to start this business, absolutely free. Send your name, age and address on a post card to The Christian Herald, Sales Department C, New York.

MEN to prepare for motormen and conductors; city and interurban; positions anywhere; no strike; experience unnecessary. Railway Bureau. E. St. Louis, Ill.

WANT ADS

HELP WANTED

WANTED—Mail Clerks, Carriers, Clerks in Treasury, Agriculture, Patent Office and other departments in Washington. Excellent salaries. Examinations everywhere. Write for list of positions open. Franklin Institute, Dep't B 31, Rochester, N. Y.

BE A DETECTIVE. See the world. Earn $150 to $300 monthly. Write Johnson's Detective Correspondence School, Houseman Blk., Grand Rapids, Mich.

WANTED. Post Office Clerks, City and Rural Carriers. Thousands needed. Examinations soon. Trial Examination Free. Write Today. Ozment, K, St. Louis.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

MAKE a comfortable living at home sewing plain seams. Any ordinary sewing machine. All home work. No canvassing. Steady. Sewers wanted in each town. No triflers reply. State how much time can sew Send ten cents for postage samples, etc. Returned if not satisfactory. Home Sewers Company, New York Jobbers Sewing. 'BL' Dept. Rehoboth, Delaware

LADIES can make shields at home; $10 per 100; work sent prepaid to reliable women, Particulars for stamped addressed envelope. Eureka Co., Dept. 17, Kalamazoo, Michigan.

WANTED women to sell baking powder and toilet goods. Big pay. References required. Griffco, Fort Wayne, Ind.

FARMS

TO FINISH my home must sell my ten acres Florida Everglades, only $35 acre. H. M. Davis, Ft. Lauderdale, Florida.

FRUIT LANDS—Beautiful Kootenay Valley, B. C., 88 acres, subdivided into 2 4-acre tracts, 11 of 5-acres and one of 25 acres. The 25-acre tract is improved, has dwelling, stable, ice-house, etc. All for a limited time at the low price of $6,000. Adjoining land held at $200 per acre. Will cost you nothing to write and investigate. Owner forced to realize thereon. ¼ cash, balance easy terms. Only six hours from Spokane, Wash. Pure water, ideal climate and very low taxes. Address D. B. Dulmage, Morgan Park, Illinois.

LAND Agents—Important—Learn the truth about Florida lands. Get the facts about the greatest land proposition ever put up to enterprising land agents. We control 150-000 acres of the richest, choicest virgin land in Florida, now being divided into 20 acre tracts. Prices low, terms easy. Let us show you how you can make big money—become independent—representing us. Our interesting educational book gives all the facts; explains why Florida is today attracting larger numbers of desirable settlers than any other state in the Union. Gives accurate information regarding soil and climatic conditions. Proves that Florida soil is the most productive and adapated to wider diversity of crops than other in U. S. From $100 to $1,000 yearly net profit per acre from grape fruit, oranges, pineapples and other fruits and garden truck. Write today for your free copy of this most instructive book and full particulars of our selling plan. Address, Martin-Borders Land Co., Midland Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

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WELL-KNOWN Composer Wants Song-Poems, at once. Chance for successful writers to make a fortune! All poems not available will be returned promptly. The Len Fleming Co., Suite 504 Gaiety Theater Bldg., New York City.

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PATENTS bring riches when of value. Our free Books cover the subject. We give personal service. Wide experience Trade Marks Registered. Write today. Beeler & Robb, 248 McGill Bldg., Washington, D. C.

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TYPEWRITERS—All makes $10 up. Free trial. Guaranteed two years. Express prepaid. Francke Payne Company, Rosedale Station, Kansas City, Kans.

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VIOLINS, bought, sold, repaired and exchanged. New and old, used instruments, $6 to $1,000.00. Shipped on approval. Tell us what you need—we have it. Violin Exchange, Rosedale Station, Kansas City, Kansas

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SONGWRITERS:—Write at once for our exceptional and liberal free song publishing offer. Keith's Music Company, Long Branch, N J

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BARGAIN—Three fine neckties $1. Gold. plated Pin free. Ties and pin retail at $2.50. This offer is for short time only. Send $1 at once. Money refunded by return mail if not satisfied. Name colors desired. W. C. Watkins, Parnassus, Pa.

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TEETHHOLD, keeps false teeth securely in position. Price 50c. Mr. Smythe, 17 Bromfield St., Boston, Mass.

MARRY, thousands wealthy, anxious for early marriage, descriptions free. Confidential, 268 Market, San Francisco, Calif.

MARRIAGE paper free; best published for sure results; reliable. Eastern Agency 55, Bridgeport, Connecticut

MARRY—Photos, descriptions and P. O. addresses of pretty, rich ladies and gents, want to marry, free. H. Jahn, St. Paul, Minn.

FREE Life Reading by Planets. Send birthdate. L. Zandt, Box 865, Portland, Maine.

MARRY Rich—Matrimonial paper of highest character, containing hundreds of photos and descriptions of marriageable people with means; mailed free, sealed; either sex. Write. One may be your ideal. Standard Cor. Club, Box 607, Grays Lake, Illinois

MARRIAGE Paper, giving names, addresses and descriptions of 100 ladies, 10 cents H. Strey, Plano, Illinois.

MARRY—Hundreds of ladies and gentlemen will marry, many rich, highest characters, selected descriptions, names and addresses. Send 10c. Dr. Hutchison, Dept. 24, Sedalia, Mo.

FUTURE, past, present revealed. Send dime; birthdate. Can astonish you. Madam Irene, 115 Second St., Kewanee, Ill.

MARRIAGE paper; highest character; incorporated; 16th year; 8,000 members; paper sealed; send 10c. B. W. Love, Box 1600, Denver, Colorado.

MARRY—Best plan on earth, sent free photo of every lady member. The Pilot, Dept. 674, Marshall, Mich.

MARRY. Book of Descriptions and Photos mailed sealed FREE. The Exchange, Box 525 A., Kansas City, Mo.

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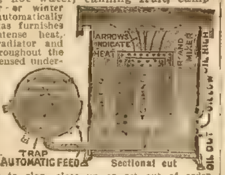

WHAT USERS SAY: "It is so convenient and economical" Rev. P. V. Hawkins, Ohio. "It is clean, convenient, no trouble, burns steadily; perfect [illegible] Ill. "For Baking it has no [illegible] O. "Bakes pies, cakes, bread; never saw nicer baking done." Mrs. O. Thompson, O. "Never cooked meals so quick and easy." James Newark, Mich. "Baked, cooked, washed, ironed—can do anything my range does." Mrs. M. E. King, Ky. "Cooked [illegible] a family of 6 for 5 days with 3 quarts of [illegible] are great time and fuel savers." H. M. Irey, Ia. [illegible]ed a room when the temperature was 10 degrees below [illegible]o with one radiator." Wm. Baering, Ind. "With the [illegible]diator it soon warms up our dining room." J. F. [illegible], Calif. "We are using it to heat our office." McPherson Co., R. I. "Only used a half a gallon of oil last week for cooking, baking and ironing." E. N. Helwig, Ohi.

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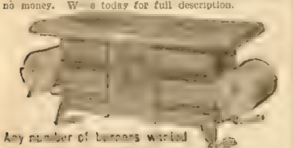
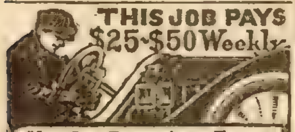

Any number of burners wanted

AGENTS Make Money Quick, Easy, Sure. Show Stove [M]AKING GAS—people stop, look, excited—want it—[illegible] B. L. H[illegible] stove on the market; sold 9 in 2 hou[illegible] I do not fear competition." (First ordered 1—200 since.) Chas. P. Schroeder, Conn., bought 40 stoves one order. Head & Frazer, Tex., write: "Sell like hot cakes; sold 50 stoves in our town." J. W. Hunter, Ala., secured 1—tested it—ordered 100 since. J. G. R. Gauthreaux, La. ordered 1; 155 since. So they go. These men make money. You have the same chance. You should make from [illegible] to $15 a day. Write for our selling plan. Do it tod[ay]. Send no money.
The World Mfg. Co., 1583 World Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio



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MONEY $ $ for wise men. $ $ Key free. J. Warren Smith, Ottawa, Ill.

Montezuma's Treasure;

Or, Two Boys in Mexico

By Captain Jack Judson

[Copyright 1912 by W. D. Boyce Co.]
Begun in No. 19, May 11. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents, or by mail from the office of publication.

CHAPTER IV.

THE DANGEROUS MISSION

EAGERLY Dick and Bernard pushed forward. They could not see their guide, but they could hear her footsteps in the corridor, and presently they found themselves in a room which they had reached by ascending a stone stairway. The girl left them for a few mo[men]ts and then returned, bearing a light. [illegible] the first time the boys beheld her. She was a beautiful creature of [illegible]ish-American type, with large dark eyes and a perfect wealth of raven tresses. The cousins admired her as they gazed.

"Something more than mere adventure must have brought you to this place," she went on, looking at the silent lads. "Were you not warned?"

"We have been w[illegible]" Bernard replied promptly. "We were warned before we left the United States by one who escaped from this old pile by the very skin of his teeth."

A smile gathered instantly at the girl's l[illegible]

"[illegible]ome one who sought Montezuma's [illegible]" her lips said.

The boys started.

"Yes, by one who sought the Aztec emperor's wealth," confessed Dick.

"I thought so. Somehow or other old Tecuza holds the secret. I believe she is the sole possessor. But the wealth is not here."

"Where, then?"

"I cannot say, but I have discovered [en]ough to know that it is not in the [s]ecret chambers of Cholula. The trail to it I believe leads from here. Years ago Tecuza was robbed of her secret guide by [illegible]"

"By Jonas Peabody," inte[rr]upted Bernard.

"[illegible] that the theft has turned Tecuza against all Americans."

Dick and Bernard exchanged rapid glances.

"We have the stolen chart," Dick said in low tones.

Judith seemed to be thrown almost off her feet. Her features changed from red to white. She leaped forward and [illegible] Dick's wrist.

"If Tecuza susp[ects] this you are more than doomed." [Fe]ll from her tongue in rapid whispe[rs].

"But how c[an] she suspec[t] [illegible] [pr]esence in Cholula is sus[picious]"

"Will she be gone long?" Bernard now [illegible]

"[S]he is liable to return at any time," was the quick response. "If she [illegible] Juaz Machet[illegible]"

"What, is that man in this vicin[ity]?"

"[illegible] is the leader of the Re[illegible] A greater villain doe[s] [illegible] Despite the coming [illegible]my, he can summon fi[illegible] at any time. His n[illegible], for they have taken the [illegible]

[illegible] here?" sudde[nly] [illegible]

"That is a long story which need not be told now. Some other time perhaps, senors. You must go away."

"But you intimated that we would be safe here."

"I meant for the present. When Tecuza returns, every nook and cranny of the pyramid will be searched. Follow me."

Bearing her light before her, the girl turned aside and led the way through a stone archway and thence into a circular chamber, the walls of which w[ere] pictured with Aztec characters.

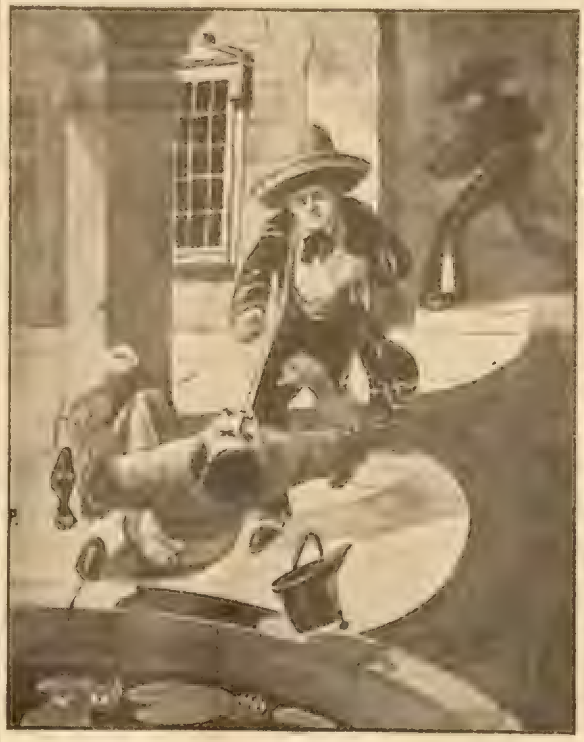
"If we could but read these inscriptions!" said Bernard, in low tones. He was overheard.

"If you could read those characters, senors, your blood would curdle, for here Montezuma sacrificed to his Aztec god. This chamber ran with the blood of hi[s] victims, and it is said that more than on[e] of Cortez's officers who disappeared w[ere] brought hither and slaughtered amid horrible rites. Is is even said that on yon wall is the key to the great Montezuma's buried treasure. But we must be gone."

Presently Judith was seen to fall upon her knees, and her hands parted a lot of hanging vines. A breath of perfumed night air fanned the boy's faces.

"Look," she said, turning upon the young adventurers. "Here is a drop of many feet."

Dick and Bernard crept to the edge of the opening and looked downward. Far below was the base of the pyramid, and far away in the starlit distance the encampment of the American army.



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"A leap is death," said the girl in a low whisper. "But wait, senors."

She vanished as she finished, but soon returned, bearing a slender rope which she held up with a look of triumph. They watched her as she played it out, and then she looked at them with her old smile.

"It will land you safely," she said "Which of you will go down first?"

"I will," replied Bernard.

"That is good, for you are the heavier, senor."

"But you?" cried Bernard as he seized the girl's wrist

"I will follow your friend."

In less than ten minutes all three stood at the foot of the pyramid in the rich moonlight which showered the spot.

"Where are your horses, senors?"

"Over yonder in the chaparral," answered Dick.

"Then mount them and ride for your lives," and Judith Castro followed them without speaking.

The boys were soon mounted, looked inquiringly at their friend in need.

"Senors! senors!" suddenly exclaimed the girl. "Look! the Red Guerrilleros!"

She pointed excitedly across the landscape.

"Tecuza has found Juaz Machete."

Dick leaned toward the girl, and, without consulting her, lifted her to a position in front of him.

"No, no," she protested. "I will doom you, senor."

But Dick shut his teeth hard and spoke to his horse. The two animals dashed swiftly away. As they turned into a smoother spot of ground they heard a wild cry behind them.

"We are discovered!" said Judith. "Drop me, senor, and fly."

Dick only held her tighter and urged his horse to his utmost speed. One look behind them was enough. In the almost white moonlight the caught the glitter of lances and the swaying forms of men on swift-careering steeds.

"The Reds ride the best horses in Mexico," cried the girl. "They seem to have wings."

On, on went the two boys in the race for life. They thought no longer of Montezuma's treasure. All at once Bernard's horse plunged into a burrow and threw his rider over his head. The agile youth was on his feet in a flash, but his animal was running on. Dick pulled up and looked into Judith's face.

"We must fight!" he said through clinched teeth. "It is the only hope."

"Against Juaz Machete and his demons? It means death for all," cried Judith.

Dick and Bernard with Judith Castro, the young Mexican girl, found themselves in dire straits when they beheld the lancers swooping down upon them. For a moment everything looked dark and the boys got ready to defend themselves to the last extremity. They knew from what Judith said that Colonel Machete was a monster of cruelty, and when they saw the long lances which were thrust out before the nozzles of the Mexican horses they felt their blood congeal.

Bernard's horse, which had fallen into a burrow, came galloping back, as if wishing to aid his young rider, and the agile boy vaulted into the saddle. In another second they were riding like the wind, and soon had gained perceptibly on their pursuers.

"That way," cried Judith. "Down yon ravine!" She pointed to the right as she spoke.

The boys obeyed, and before long came out upon level ground over which they fairly flew.

The lancers followed till they seemed to fear that they might collide with a party of American scouts, and, drawing rein, sat in their saddles and shook their fists at the young fugitives. It was some time ere rein was drawn on the outskirts of Puebla, and then all three looked at one another with joy. They were safe, and far behind them lay the old pyramid of Cholula and the fierce lanceros.

"No more of that trap for me!" ejaculated Bernard, drawing a long breath."

Dick laughed.

"What," he cried, "have you given up thoughts of Montezuma's treasure?"

"By no means, Dick, but I don't care to put myself into the clutches of that hag."

"Nothing ventured, nothing gained," was the reply.

"The young senors," spoke up Judith, "may find the treasure within the walls of the City of Mexico."

"We are evidently headed that way, but there are many dangers between us and Santa Anna's capital."

The boys had hoped that their expedition would not be discovered by Captain Donovan, but they were suddenly deceived by the appearance of that officer at the door of their tent soon after they had entered. There was a scowl on Captain Donovan's face.

"I want no more of this roaming around without leave," said he, sternly. "You are liable to fall into the hands of Colonel Machete, who is lingering in this vicinity. You've been to Cholula?"

"Yes," admitted Dick, with a glance at his comrade, "but we got back with whole skins."

"Which is more than I did some years ago. Did you find the guardian of the pyramid?"

"Yes, and bade her a hasty adieu," smiled Dick.

"We have marching orders for tomorrow. See that you keep with the army. If you straggle, I fear I shall have to send you back home."

The young adventurers did not make any promises and were relieved when the form of Captain Donovan vanished.

The next day the whole army faced toward the city of Montezuma, Judith electing to accompany it, for which the boys were thankful. She was familiar with the capital, for she had dwelt there and knew every secret way in the old city

From a high hill, at length, the army looked down upon the stronghold. It lay like a great gem in the sun, but they knew that they would have to fight for the possession of it, for Santa Anna had marshaled his forces for a desperate struggle. The strong fortress of Chapultepec barred their way, and as it bristled with cannon on the summit of its lofty hill, the Americans knew that it would be defended to the last.

"I must leave you," said Judith Castro, one evening, to her young friends. "I shall go down into the city, for I have relatives there."

"What if Colonel Machete is there?" queried Dick, with feelings of apprehension. "He must be aware that you aided us to escape from Cholula."

The beautiful girl smiled derisively.

"Just as if I fear that demon!" she exclaimed, as her brilliant eyes sparkled with defiance.

"Old Tecuza may also be there," put in Bernard.

"I shall not fear to meet her," was the reply. "Fear not for me, senors. I may be of service to you if you capture the city."

"Which we cannot do without reducing Chapultepec."

Judith turned her gaze toward the guarded hill and sighed.

"I can tell your General something," said she.

"Then you shall see him before you depart."

In a few minutes the girl stood before General Scott. When he had questioned her about the defenses of Chapultepec, she went over to the camp table and sat down. Her eager hands drew a map of the fortress; she showed the concealed ways which led to it, and when General Scott examined the map his eyes glistened.

"You have my thanks," he exclaimed, looking at the proud girl. "I shall never forget you. But if the Mexicans suspect that you have furnished me with this valuable information, your life won't be worth much in the city."

"I shall look out for myself," was the prompt response. "Forget not, General Scott, that there is American blood in my veins, for though my father was a Spaniard, my mother never forgot her native land."

The day after Judith quitted the American camp Dick and Bernard received a command to report to General Worth. Wondering what was afoot, and fearing that they were to be punished for their execursion to Cholula, the boys went to their commander's tent.

General Worth was a most gallant soldier, and when he saw the boys he extended his hand in the most friendly manner.

"I have learned," he said "that you understand Spanish."

"Yes, General, we caught it from one Jonas Peabody, an old rolling stone who knew it well."

"That is good. I think you are the very lads I want."

"We are ready to obey you in everything," answered Bernard, saluting.

"I am going to give you a very dangerous mission," continued General Worth. "If you carry it out you shall receive the thanks of our country."

The boys held their breath.

"We must have information from inside Santa Anna's lines and before we assault Chapultepec, if possible. We want to know the disposition of his forces, his numbers, and the location of the various causeways which lead into the city. You can make up as Mexicans and your knowledge of the language of the country will greatly assist you. Are you willing to undertake the service?"

"We are, General," said Dick, speaking for Bernard as well as for himself. "We will carry out your orders to the best of our ability."

"I can ask no more, young sirs. Go and prepare yourselves and report within an hour."

"Into the den of the Mexican lion," said Dick, with a smile, as they left the tent. "He will do more than growl if we are discovered."

"Aye, he will bite," was the response. "I am glad we shall not see Captain Donovan before we depart. He would probably resist General Worth's orders."

"Then we must get away as soon as possible."

In less than an hour the boys reappeared at Worth's tent and were received with a look of surprise.

"You make excellent Mexicans," he observed, with a smile, when he had caught his breath. "It's almost a pity to send such brave young fellows into the jaws of death. You can yet withdraw from the expedition if you wish."

"We have no thought of doing so, General."

"Then the mission lies before you. Be cautious. Bring about no adventure that promises unnecessarily to imperil your lives. You understand my wishes?"

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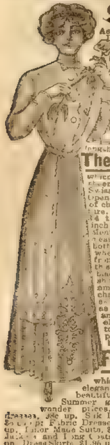

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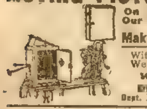

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"Perfectly," answered Dick.

A full moon was in the sky, when two figures, creeping along one of the causeways, slipped into the city. The boys had not been challenged by the Mexican sentries, whom they had dexterously avoided, and erelong they found themselves in the great plaza where once stood an Aztec temple.

On every side were seen groups of Mexican soldiers. Hither and thither rode the generals of Santa Anna's army on lithe steeds and richly clad. The streets leading from the plaza were thronged with people, from well-dressed women to the common beggar, all hurling curses at the Americans who were so near. Dick and his comrade mingled with the crowds and soon discovered that their disguises were a great protection

As a troop of lancers came down the street, the populace broke out in cheers in which the boys joined, shouting, "Long life to the Republic!" and throwing their hats in air.

When the lancers had passed, they accosted a vender of bananas and began to bargain for some of the fruit. Dick was in the act of paying for his purchase when he was rudely jostled by half a dozen Mexican boys and hurled to one side. In an instant his anger got the upper hand.

Dick struck out with vigor, and one of his enemies landed on his back. A moment later both boys were viciously assailed by the whole lot. It was now give and take with a vengeance, and the boys were getting the worst of the tussle, when a loud voice called the young greasers off.

"Disperse, you young rascals!" said the voice, and at the same time the mob was being beaten with the flat of a sword

Dick and Bernard looked at their deliverer and started. It was the captain of the Red Lancers. Colonel Machete, their late pursuer!

CHAPTER V

A VERY CLOSE CALL.

It was a moment of terrible suspense for the young soldiers. If they were recognized by the lancer Colonel their doom was sealed. But they were so well disguised, with their sombreros and Mexican sashes, that they looked for all the world like Mexican patriots

Colonel Machete looked searchingly at them while they held their breath and waited for him to speak

"I'm glad to have come in time," said he, as he sheathed his sword and turned his horse about. "If the young rabble attack you again, I give you full liberty to deal with them as you wish Adios."

He was off like a rocket, and Dick and Bernard were relieved. Their disguise had been tried and had stood the test.

Wondering where they should lodge for the night, they began to look around for that purpose. They knew that Judith was somewhere in the city, but they dared not inquire for her. Presently they came before an inn which seemed to offer a retreat, and after a brief consultation they boldly entered. The lower room of the building—it was a two-story affair—was crowded with Mexican officers and the boys, having entered, saw it was too late to withdraw without exciting suspicion.

The landlord, a swaggering, ill-looking fellow, fixed his gaze upon them, and coming forward, asked if the young senors wanted lodging. Bernard answered that they did, whereupon the man picked up a candle and led the way from the room. They were escorted to a foul-smelling apartment and left in almost total darkness. There were chinks in the floor, and hearing voices below, Dick put his eye to a crack.

In the room underneath sat half a dozen Mexican officers with a map of the city's defenses spread out on a table. The young spies were not long singling out one of the officers as the redoubtable Santa Anna, president of the Mexican republic

"What does General Arista say?" asked the President, turning to a middle-aged man nearby.

Dick started at mention of the name, for Old Jonas had warned him to keep clear of this very chieftain.

"We must hold Chapultepec, by all means," answered Arista as he pulled his mustache.

"Certainly, said Santa Anna. "The Americans must be kept out of the city. Here is a full report of our forces," and he proceeded to read a paper which gave the boys the very information wanted by General Scott.

Suddenly the door of the room underneath was thrown open and Colonel Machete came forward.

He bowed to Santa Anna and said in his harsh voice: "I believe the enemy has thrown spies into the city."

Dick nearly sprang to his feet.

"This is news, Colonel," exclaimed the Mexican president. "Spies in the city? Search every hole and corner."

Dick leaped to his feet and seized Bernard's arm.

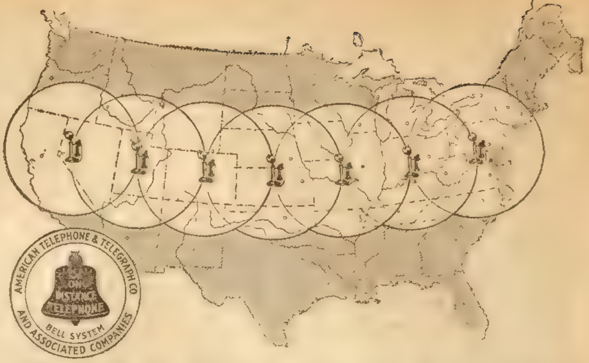
"Not another moment in this trap!" he cried, in a trembling whisper. "We are in the shadow of doom."

"But listen," exclaimed Bernard. "Some one else has entered the council room."

"I need not look to see who it is," was the reply. "That voice has sounded in my ears ever since we faced old Tecuza in the pyramid."

"She has entered the city."

Up from below came the shrill voice of



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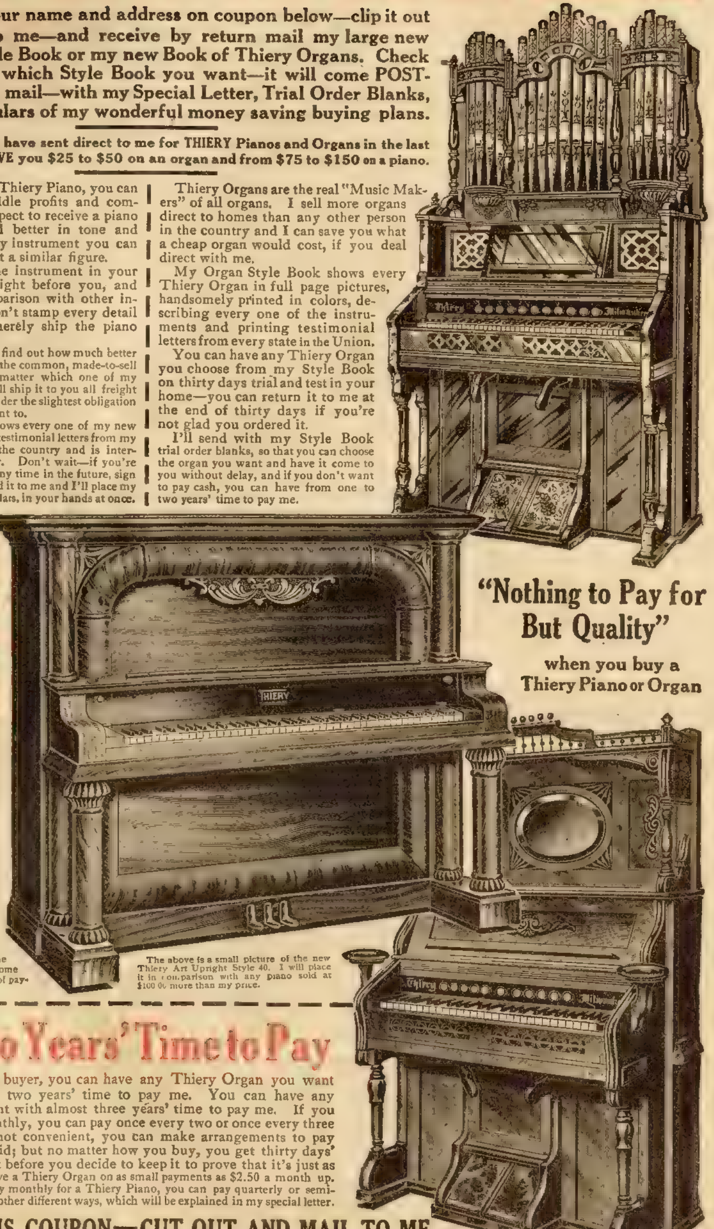

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the guardian of the Cholulan pyramid.

"Spies! spies in the camp!" screeched the hag. "The Americanos have sent their spies among you. Sleep and perish, act and live! I had the spies in my clutches, but they escaped. Woe to the republic, if Santa Anna sleeps!"

"Come," cried Dick, as he sprang across the room. "It is death to tarry here."

"But whither shall we go?"

"To any place but here. Ah, here's the window. It overlooks a garden."

He leaned out and looked around. It was not far to the ground, but objects below were indistinct and they did not know what they might fall into if they made the leap. Old Tecuza was still crying out against them, and Santa Anna was giving his orders to his officers.

"Life or death, here goes!" Dick cried, lowering himself over the stone sill. "It is our only hope, Bernard."

Bernard saw his comrade's body disappear and then followed. He dropped beside Dick among some weeds and both crouched and listened. They heard people running from the inn and the tramp of rushing horses. There was confusion everywhere

The boys crossed the garden, tearing their clothes on a lot of prickly plants, and soon found themselves in a narrow street lined with adobe dwellings. A dozen dogs barked at them and several had to be kicked away.

"Senors?" suddenly said a voice.

Our young spies turned with their hearts in their throats and laid their hands on their pistols.

"This way," resumed the same voice, and then they caught sight of a girl leaning from the area of one of the nearest buildings.

"It is Judith," whispered Bernard.

She held the door open, while she kept one finger on her lips to command silence.

"What brought you here?" she asked, in the lowest of whispers, as the boys joined her

"Orders,' answered Dick sententiously.

"Orders for your death?" was the low reply. "This way."

Judith closed the door behind them.

"I saw the fight in the plaza with the Mexican boys," she went on. "You should not have resisted, but then they might have injured you. I don't live here. This is the house of old Inez, the fortune teller, and I came to know what the future has in store for me. Through the house, senors, quick!" she led the way with flying feet They reached another street, and Judith opened the door of a more pretentious house

"Here is where I stay," she said, answering the boys' looks. "This house belonged to my mother. You are safe here—unless they find you out."

In an upper room, which was well lighted, Judith leaned against a table and continued: "I hope you aren't looking for Montezuma's treasure?"

A twinkle appeared in the boys' eyes.

"We haven't forgotten it," said Dick. "We didn't find it in Cholula."

"Of course not. It isn't there. I believe you are not far from it at this moment."

"What, is it hidden in the city?"

"If it is not here it is nowhere," was the reply.

"Then——"

The girl placed her finger on her lips again and went to the door. After listening there a moment she came back to the table.

"Let me see your chart," she said to Dick.

The boy drew the parchment from its hiding-place and she scanned it closely.

"I have made a strange discovery since coming here," she cried, with a sudden upward glance. "Look at this paper which I place alongside of yours."

Dick and Bernard advanced to the table and scanned the diagram which Judith had unfolded.

"They are alike!" Bernard exclaimed.

"Not quite. Your chart pictures the interior of Cholula. See, here is a line which points to a small diagram at the bottom. In the little one is the sign of Montezuma, a sign which denotes nothing less than his great palace in this city. On my chart are the underground chambers of the royal palace. How do I know?"

The boys looked up wondering.

"My father before he died tried to find the treasure. He got this old chart somewhere, where I do not know. I found it today in a secret niche in my mother's room."

"Wonderful," cried the boys.

"It is truly wonderful. But to look for Montezuma's treasure is death."

"But it is great," said Dick.

"It is the richest treasure in the world," smiled Judith. "Cortez would have given all his other finds for it."

"But the other part of old Jonas's story is not true. He said that the treasure is still guarded by Aztec priests. But the last Aztec vanished hundreds of years ago"

Judith slowly shook her head.

"I don't know. This is a strange country. It is a land of mystery. I dare say the great treasure is still guarded, but by whom I don't know."

"If it is in the city——"

"You will find it, eh? Foolish boys!"

At that moment the door slowly opened, and as a face appeared, Dick and Bernard drew their pistols.

"It is only old Juan," cried Judith, springing before them. "He was a ser-

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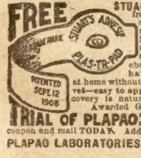

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vant long before I was born. He is blind."

"But his eyes——"

"They look as good as yours, you would say. Yes. He had the treasure fever, too. One night he penetrated beneath the ruins of Montezuma's palace and came back to us without his eyes." Dick and his comrade shuddered.

"Now to sleep, senors," resumed Judith. "I think they won't look for you here," and a few minutes later she left the boy soldiers in a small room, the door of which she locked as she went away.

CHAPTER VI.

IN THE TOILS AGAIN.

In spite of their perilous situation, Dick and Bernard could not help thinking of Montezuma's treasure. That this great wealth which had escaped the search of the cruel Spaniards might be so near was a thrilling thought. The old chart which Judith Castro had discovered seemed to confirm the strange story told by Jonas Peabody. The trail led from the pryamid of Cholula to the Mexican capital, but even if the loot was buried beneath the ruins of Montezuma's palace, a thousand dangers threatened all who had the temerity to look for it.

Some time elapsed before the cousins closed their eyes. Judith had come to their rescue for the second time, for they doubted not that they would have fallen into the hands of Santa Anna's spy hunters if she had not turned up at the right moment.

The sun was shining into their little chamber when they awoke. A servant came in with breakfast, and whilst they were enjoying it Judith herself put in an appearance.

"The whole city seems to be looking for you," were her first words, as a smile illumined her face. "Colonel Machete is searching, and but this morning I caught sight of old Tecuza on the plaza crying out that American spies were hidden somewhere. It is lucky that you did not run afoul of the witch last night."

"If we had," said Bernard, "we would not be safe in your house now."

"That you would not. You would have been taken into the plaza and shot by a file of Santa Anna's miscreants."

"We owe our good fortune to you."

"Do not mention it. It is unnecessary for me to remind you that I have American blood in my veins."

"What do you propose?" asked Dick.

"For the present you must remain here. I shall make the rounds of the forts today and get all the information I can. When I come back I will have a budget to open."

"But you will imperil your own life."

The beautiful girl tossed her head haughtily.

"I think I know how to take care of myself," she said. "You must not leave this room before night."

"Very well. We will remain and dream of Montezuma's treasure."

"Always that fated loot," laughed Judith. "I fear it is bound to get you into trouble."

With this she opened the door and went away.

The day dragged wearily along. The young spies now and then went to the one little window of their room and looked out over the city. From it they could see the hill of Chapultepec. Above it floated the flag of Mexico. Down in the street dashed horsemen wearing the colors of the terrible lancers, and the youths felt that they were still looking for them. All at once there came to their ears a sound which sent a thrill through every nerve. A cloud of smoke rose over Chapultepec.

Suddenly the door was dashed open and Judith appeared with a flushed face.

"The battle has begun!" she cried in answer to the boys' looks.

"But I thought General Scott was not to open the battle till we had reported," answered Dick.

"He knows all," returned the brave girl. "I sent word to him, and he fights understandingly."

"You sent word to him?" echoed Bernard.

"Yes. He has the full plan of the defenses of the city. He knows Santa Anna's numbers and where the troops are stationed."

"Were you not in danger while getting the information?"

"Yes, but what of that?" fearlessly replied Judith. "It is done and I am here."

Louder and louder grew the sounds of the battle. The Americans assaulted the castle on the hill and many of them fell. The place was stubbornly defended, as the boys could see by the aid of a telescope which Judith gave them. They saw the long line of blue rush to the combat, saw it recoil, only to reform and charge again with added bravery. At last they saw the stars and stripes take the place of the Mexican flag and knew that Chapultepec had fallen.

"Scott will not delay to enter," said Dick, turning to his cousin. "I don't like to be cooped up here like a bird in a cage and lose all of the glory."

"Nor I. We might go down and look around. The streets seem to be silent, and Judith must be somewhere watching the evacuation, for surely Santa Anna will not fight here, since he has lost the hill of Chapultepec."

They debated a few moments, and resolved to descend and discover what was really going on. The way was open, and in a little while they were in the darkened street.

They made their way to the grand plaza with caution. Everything denoted a retreat. Soldiers were filing toward one of the gates of the city and some of the inhabitants were pushing after them, dragging along their household goods.

"What a panic-stricken mob!" exclaimed Bernard, as he surveyed the rush. "Yonder is Santa Anna with some of his generals. Let's get a last look at the Mexican chieftain."

They approached the spot where the President of the Mexican Republic was talking excitedly to his officers. Near him stood General Arista with a frown on his dark face. Presently the whole lot rode off and the people followed with cries and lamentations.

"Look yonder," suddenly ejaculated Dick, as he seized Bernard's arm. "There is our old enemy, Tecuza."

"The Angel of Cholula," was the reply, as Bernard watched the hag. "If her eyes should turn this way——"

"We won't take the risk of remaining," interrupted Dick.

The last word had scarcely left his lips when the old creature whirled in their direction and her blazing eyes searched everywhere.

"Ho, ho!" she screeched as she found the boys. "Look, senors," she yelled to the crowd. "I have found the spies of the hated Americanos. On to them, my countrymen!"

The mongrel crowd set up a yell which seemed to freeze the boys' blood, and Dick and Bernard took instantly to their heels.

"Whither?" asked Dick, as he panted over the street.

"Not to Judith's," was the reply. "We must not compromise our fair friend."

"Not for the world."

They dodged back into one of the darkened streets with the yelling mob at their heels. It seemed as though all the furies had been let loose and set upon their track. Strangers in the city, they knew nothing of the maze of streets; the longer they ran, the more they seemed to be in a tangle of ways that boded them no good.

(Continued on page twenty-three.)

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exquisitely pretty turban hat, the very latest Paris style for 1912 to you by express. Examine it at your leisure, criticise it, compare it with your home milliners' turbans at double our price, try it on and see how pretty it looks on you, and then if you find the hat the prettiest, daintiest turban you ever tried on, the most chic and becoming hat you ever wore, keep it. Otherwise return it to us at our expense and we will gladly and promptly refund your $1.80. Order this lovely turban hat today or send now for our **Big, Free Millinery Catalogue** which shows hundreds of pictures of rich, beautifully trimmed hats for women, misses and children, exact copies of exquisite Spring of 1912 Paris styles especially designed for us by famous milliners at a cost of $20 to $50 each. Every hat at less than half your milliners' price. We also show in this great catalogue a wonder line of ostrich feathers, flowers, millinery trimmings at wholesale prices. Amazon plumes 65c up, French Curl $1.69 up. Full line of imported flowers and foliage and beautiful Spring ready to wear hats, children's hats, shapes and trimmings.

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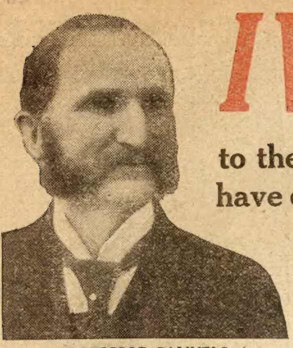
to the first person proving these letters are not absolutely genuine. I have deposited the $5,000.00 in the NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE, of Detroit, Mich., for that purpose. I am the originator and only living man in the world who has this strange and peculiar method of healing. There are thousands of people in the United States---and many foreign countries---using this treatment. Read their letters and form your own opinion.

PROF. SAMUELS.



PROFESSOR SAMUELS,
Scientist and Originator of Samuel's Systematic Treatment.

CONSUMPTION.

Telford, Pa., Feb. 6, 1912.

Prof. H. Samuels.

Dear Sir—I have used two bottles of your treatment for that dreaded disease, Consumption, and, next to God, I thank you for the good it has done me. Some time ago I was examined by a physician and he said that my lungs were perfectly sound, and I hope they will stay sound. Wishing you success in the future, I remain, Your Friend,

REIN L. CLEMENS.
Route No. 2, Telford, Pa.

TUBERCULOSIS.

Glenham, S. D., January 15th, 1912.

Prof. H. Samuels.

Dear Sir—I wish to let you know that my boy is entirely cured and it is all owing to your wonderful treatment. I cannot express my thanks for I am sure you cured him as he was flat in bed suffering everything and the doctor said he could do no more for him as he had Tuberculosis of the hip, and you are at liberty to print this if thereby I can help anyone else, and I will be pleased to answer all inquiries. Your truly,

MRS. ORIL SHEPARD.

ASTHMA AND GENERAL.

Lorena, Okla., March 2nd, 1912.

Prof. H. Samuels.

Dear Sir—I am glad that I can truthfully tell you that I never felt better in my life; feel as though I don't need any more of your medicine. I sleep like a baby. I never saw as bad a winter as this has been and it don't bother me the least to do my work, and it has been twenty years since I could get out in bad weather. I have tried every known remedy and none ever did me any good before yours, and I hope any one who has asthma as bad as I, will go to you. It is so easy to get well of that terrible disease when you go to Prof. Samuels.

Wishing you success everywhere, I am,
Yours truly,
S. M. JOHNSON.

STOMACH.

Cripple Creek, Col., Dec. 4, 1911.

Prof. H. Samuels.

Dear Sir—I have been operated on twenty-three times with the knife and eleven times with the needle, and doctors claimed I could not be cured. I used your treatment five months and I consider I am entirely cured.

The blizzards and storms do not affect me any at all. There are several in this district of Cripple Creek and Victor who are using your treatment and one man in Lima, Mont., and all seem to be improving. As soon as circumstances will permit I will have you treat my wife.

Now, I want to thank you from the bottom of my heart for what you have done for me. Again thanking you, I am, Sincerely yours,

J. H. S. CAMPBELL,
127 E. Carr Ave.

LUNGS AND NERVES.

Ocean Springs, Miss., Oct. 5, 1911.

Prof. Samuels.

Dear Friend—I say "friend," for indeed one from whom I have received so much good is a friend of mine.

Not in many, many years have I been in such perfect condition both mentally and physically, and to your short course of treatment I am more than grateful. Prior to conferring with you, every organ of my body was in too debilitated a state to half-way do its work. My nervous system had been shattered for months and months, until finally my brain had become dormant and incapable of acting when called on. I was in a critical state mentally and physically. I shall ever thank God for directing me to you, as you have brought me back into an active state, mentally and physically.

I never hesitate to recommend your method of treatment. You may use this letter if you so desire. Gratefully,

MRS. E. D. HAVENS.

BRIGHT'S DISEASE.

Pemberton, O., March 29, 1911.

Prof. H. Samuels.

Dear Sir—Thank God and you for my present condition of health. I am perfectly well of Bright's disease. Several doctors have examined me and have analyzed my water and say there is no sign of the disease now, for which I am indebted to your treatment. The doctors here want to know what cured me, and when I tell them they scout at my story. I tell them it is so because you can and do cure diseases they can't and then they call me a fool and I laugh at them. There are several cases here that need your treatment, but the doctors have gotten them to believe you are a fake by doctoring through the eye.

God bless you, and may you live to cure many more. JOHN DUGAN.

STOMACH AND HEART TROUBLE.

Lawrence, Miss., March 4th, 1912.

Prof. H. Samuels.

Dear Sir—I will answer your letter. I am feeling fine; my stomach is in good condition now. My nerves are all right, and my heart is far better than it was. I do not think that I will need any more medicine; if I should need any more I will write you.

Thanking you for what your treatment has done for me, I am. Yours truly,

MRS. A. C. ADAMS.

A STRANGE AND PECULIAR METHOD OF HEALING!

NERVOUSNESS AND WEAK EYES.

Hermosa, S. Dak., Feb. 6th, 1912.

Prof. Samuels.

Dear Sir—The one month's treatment which I ordered of you has, I think, completely cured me of my nervousness and the weakness that made me so miserable.

I cannot express my gratitude to you, and shall order more if I am ever overcome with the same affliction again.

My aunt is also improving on your treatment. I asked her to try it, although she is past 76 years old. I have recommended you to several others, but as your method is so different than the ordinary healer, it is hard to convince them.

MRS. NETTIE PITCHER,
Box No. 28.

LUNGS AND BLADDER.

Braman, Okla., January 28th, 1912.

Prof. H. Samuels.

Dear Sir and Friend:—

I will try after so long a time to write you in regard to my condition of health compared with what it was when I began your wonderful treatment.

After spending over $600 with the medical fraternity and trying all kinds of patent medicine that was recommended for Lung Trouble, I concluded there was no help for me; but like a drowning man grasping at a straw, I concluded to try your treatment entirely without faith or hope of getting any better. But thanks to your wonderful treatment, I am almost, if not entirely, well. I wish the whole world knew of your wonderful treatment as I don't think I will need any more of your treatment, but if I do, you will hear from me at once.

Hoping to see this letter in your "Message of Facts," I remain, Your sincere friend,

J. P. ARTHURS.

STOMACH AND CATARRH.

Sabo, Okla., December 26th, 1911.

Prof. H. Samuels.

Dear Sir—I expect you think it strange I have not written you before. I wanted to see if any of my complaints would come back on me or not, but I am feeling fine; have gained twenty pounds and worked every day, Sundays and all. More than that my work is one-half the day and one-half the night, and that is harder on a person than just day work. I eat well and sleep well. Am not distressed after eating like I was before taking your treatment. The catarrh does not bother me now, your treatment has knocked them all out.

There has been several here to see me. I tell them all the one story—if they have a bad case to take your treatment if they want to get well. I can also hear a good deal better. If anything goes wrong with me again I will surely send for your treatment.

Thanking you ever so much for what you have done for me. Respectfully yours,

W. P. SCOTT.

BRIGHT'S DISEASE.

Wisner, La., Jan. 18, 1912.

Prof. H. Samuels.

Dear Sir—I will write you a few lines to let you hear from me.

I am well at present and I want to thank you for your kindness to me. I feel that you have cured me of my trouble. I don't feel any pains in my back or in my kidneys, but I will have you send me one more month's treatment. Your truly,

JOHN COTTER.

HEADACHE AND EYES.

Mounds, Okla., February 9th, 1912.

Prof. Samuels.

Dear Sir—I should have written you long ago but I have been feeling so fine until I would go on with my work and fail to write. I don't have the headache any more. After suffering seven months with that terrible headache, I found that two months' treatment from you had done me more good than all the doctors I had tried in Mounds or Beggs either.

Many thanks to you for your good you have done me, and I hope you will live to do good to others for many years to come.

Thanking you for relief through the help of the Almighty God, I remain as ever,

MRS. M. W. SANDERS,
R. R. No. 2, Box 50-D.

CATARRH, STOMACH, EYES.

Rugby, N. D., Jan. 20, 1912.

Prof. H. Samuels.

Dear Professor—I have used the month's treatment you sent me and my health is good—better than for years. I have a week's treatment left and I will not need any more now, as I consider myself cured.

I can not thank you fully for what you have done for me, and if I feel it coming back on me I know where you are and will gladly send for more. Respectfully yours,

NORMAN TJON.

TUBERCULOSIS.

Alvord, Texas, February 12th, 1912.

Prof. H. Samuels.

Dear Sir—I want to thank you for the treatment of my wife for Tuberculosis of the jaw bone. She began using it last September and she used one thirty days' treatment and used about half of another thirty days' treatment, after which we decided that she was well and we did not use the remaining half. Today she appears to be in better health than she has ever been. She weighs more than she ever did.

J. W. GILBERT,
Route No. 3.

PARALYSIS.

San Juan, Cal., March 3rd, 1912.

Prof. H. Samuels.

Dear Sir—As I have been cured and am enjoying good health, I almost forgot to write to the wonderful man that cured me. I write this letter to let you know that I think I am cured, but at times I think I should have taken another month's treatment.

Now I feel so happy that I am singing most of the time, and I don't get short of breath. I feel sorry for not writing you sooner but it is as I told you before. Now please don't be angry at me, for it is better late than never. A letter from a cured patient is as good as gold to you. I am,

Your cured patient,
MANUAL ERCOBAR.

BLINDNESS.

Crystal, Okla., February 20th, 1912.

Prof. H. Samuels.

Dear Sir—I must make you a statement saying that your way of treating diseases beats them all. I am sixty-six years old and can say my blindness is gone; I am not constipated any more; my kidney and heart trouble is all gone, also my rheumatism and I feel ten years younger. Anyone doubting this can write to me at Crystal, Okla.

A. J. GIBSON.

SICK HEADACHES.

Ochiltree, Tex., June 30, 1911.

Prof. H. Samuels.

Kind Sir—After some delay, I will write you of how I am progressing under your treatment.

I am so much improved that I do not think I shall need any more at present. I feel better than I have in over ten years. Those terrible headaches have banished, and I feel like a new person. Thanks to your treatment. I shall recommend you whenever I have an opportunity to do so. May your life be filled with choicest blessings for the good you are doing to mankind, is the wish of your patient.

MRS. ALICE MALLETT.

GENERAL TROUBLE.

Scottsville, Ky., Oct. 16, 1911.

Prof. H. Samuels.

Dear Sir—It is with pleasure I can write you this time. I have been using your treatment two months and three weeks and feel all right. I can work all day and no ache or pains. Sleep well at night; feel better than I have for twenty years. Many thanks to you and your magic healing remedies. If any of my troubles return, I will call for more of your medicine.

May your days be long and happy is my prayer.

MRS. NANNIE E. BRUCE, Route 2.

NEURALGIA.

Pittsburg, Pa., Feb. 24th, 1912.

Prof. H. Samuels.

Dear Sir—In answer to your letter of the 6th inst., wish to say that the reason I have not sent to you for further treatment is because of the fact that I am entirely cured by the first one month's treatment you sent me, and the reason I have not written you sooner is because I wanted to wait and see if the continued severe cold weather would bring on any more attacks of the trouble from which I suffered previous to taking your treatment.

For three years I have been troubled with Tic Douloureux, which is the worst form of Neuralgia, and at times I was so bad with it that I was desperately miserable.

I was treated by seven of the best doctors in Pittsburg, who admitted that they could only relieve me, and advised an operation to remove the nerve, by this operation they told me that I was very liable to lose the sight of one, or both eyes, my sense of taste, and that one side of my face would be practically dead.

I became so bad that I finally decided to undergo this operation and went to Philadelphia for that purpose, but after a study of my case there, the doctor who was to perform the operation advised me against it and persuaded me to return to my home and try further medical treatment; this I did, and finally wrote you for a month's treatment, and am pleased to say that I was completely relieved of my trouble for the small sum of five dollars, after spending very nearly two thousand for other treatments and loss of time.

I cannot tell you how much I appreciate the result of your treatment, and can only say that I sincerely thank you for complete relief, and with best wishes, I remain,

Very truly yours,
J. J. LENTZ,
No. 606 Publication Bldg.

MY METHOD OF TREATMENT

The method of treatment which I have originated is a strange and peculiar method, differing from anything else used by any living man in the treatment of diseases. I do not use drastic drugs and medicines that doctors depend upon.

Men who are familiar with the chemistry of the human body understand that only the chemical elements used in the creation of the body are required to restore it to health when once its functional power becomes impaired. Nature does not require a mass of drugs dumped into the stomach, which merely represent an accumulation of foreign substances, which must eventually be eliminated from the system. When Mother Nature created mankind she used no mercury, no strychnine, no quinine, no digitalis, no morphine or other poisonous chemicals such as the doctors delight to prescribe for you, and she needs none of them to accomplish any restorative work that may be necessary in your behalf.

My results are obtained by dropping a colorless liquid which I prepare into the eye. Strange as it may seem, so-called incurable cases of **Consumption, Bright's Disease, Dropsy, Epileptic Fits, Nervous Prostration, Heart Disease, Asthma, Hay Fever, Blindness, Deafness, Liver Trouble, Kidney Trouble, Stomach Trouble, and Catarrh** are treated in this apparent miraculous way. My system is based absolutely on scientific principles. The eye is the window of the soul. I have evolved a system of treating other bodily ills, based upon the relation of the eye to the system as a whole. This may seem strange, but thousands of people testify to the value of my treatment.

If you are sick or ailing you will find something in my Message of Facts, which I am sending free to everyone, that will greatly interest you. I explain my method of healing and give you absolute proof of its value. If you are tired of taking strong drugs into the stomach, if you have gotten to the point where you believe there is no hope, if you have tried all kinds of treatment your doctor could suggest without its benefiting you, write me today for my Message of Facts. It tells you something about the peculiar liquid which I prepare, and of a more scientific and more natural method of treatment. Send me the coupon properly filled out or send me your name and address on a postcard and my "Message of Facts" will be sent by return mail free.

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Rochester, N. Y.—"I have a daughter 13 years old who has always been very healthy until recently when she complained of dizziness and cramps every month, so bad that I would have to keep her home from school and put her to bed to get relief.

"After giving her only two bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound she is now enjoying the best of health. I cannot praise your Compound too highly. I want every good mother to read what your medicine has done for my child."—Mrs. RICHARD N. DUNHAM, 311 Exchange St., Rochester, N.Y.

Stoutsville, Ohio.—"I suffered from headaches, backache and was very irregular. A friend advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and before I had taken the whole of two bottles I found relief. I am only sixteen years old, but I have better health than for two or three years. I cannot express my thanks for what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I had taken other medicines but did not find relief."—Miss CORA B. FOSNAUGH, Stoutsville, Ohio, R.F.D., No. 1.

Hundreds of such letters from mothers expressing their gratitude for what [illegible]ydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Com[illegible]und has accomplished for their daugh[illegible]rs have been received by the Lydia E. [illegible]inkham Medicine Company, Lynn, Mass.

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Montezuma's Treasure.

(Continued from page twenty-one.)

At the head of the pursuing mob ran Tecuza, her long gray hair floating in the wind and her cries of vengeance filling the air. She was the embodiment of fury. A troop of lancers came into view and almost rode the old hag down, but she arose from beneath the very hoofs of the horsemen and came madly on.

The boys suddenly came face to face with a door which stood open and seemed to offer asylum. Into the house they rushed and straight to a door in the rear. Dick jerked it open and they plunged into a garden. A Mexican deserter rose suddenly from among the rubbish there and threw out his hands. Bernard drove his fist into the man's face and sent him sprawling on the ground.

Beyond the garden lay a little body of water, and before they saw it they were head over heels in the dark fluid. Keeping their heads above the surface and among a lot of water lilies, they waited for their hunters.

In a minute old Tecuza came into view and at her heels the stormy crowd she led. They circled about the lakelet a little while and then plunged on. The young soldiers remained hidden for some time and then crept dripping to solid ground.

"A narrow escape," muttered Dick. "But better a wetting than the knives of the Mexicans."

The unexpected immersion had dampened the powder of their pistols and they were useless.

"Now for Judith's!" cried Bernard. "We'll get a good scolding from our fair friend."

The boys were about to quit the dangerous spot, when a cry fell upon their ears, and they recoiled when they beheld standing within a few feet of them the evil genius of their lives.

A piercing cry rose from Tecuza's throat. It was immediately answered by a swarm of Mexicans, and the young soldiers were instantly surrounded. Resistance was useless. The boys were seized by a score of hands, and amid triumphant yells were dragged through the old house into the street beyond.

"No one escapes Tecuza!" cried the witch of Cholula, as her bony hand seemed to sink deep into Bernard's flesh like the talons of an eagle. "The young senors who seek Montezuma's treasure may see it and die among its glitter."

The words seemed to have a terrible meaning. Dick and his companion could only look at each other and shudder, for help seemed far away. Down the narrow street they were dragged, with the flashing orbs of their huntress almost burning their cheeks.

"The Americanos will never see their flag again," she screeched. "Death to the hated foes of the republic!"

The boys drew closer together. Not a ray of hope cheered them, and when they were pushed into a dark place they breathed freer, for no longer the hideous face of Tecuza confronted them.

The continuation of this remarkable story will be found in the Ledger issue of next week. If you are not a regular subscriber to the Ledger we would like to have your name on our list. The Ledger is only $1.00 per year, and we have stories awaiting publication that you cannot afford to miss.

* * *

Too Quiet for Sleep.

Lafe Ridley of McPherson County says that after old Deacon Smartweed of his neighborhood died, his widow couldn't sleep.

This thing went on for weeks, and the old lady was going from bad to worse. They finally called in the family doctor. He made an examination, and then went over to a neighbor who had a corn sheller and asked him to move it over and set it up right under the window of the room where the widow was and start it to grinding. Then he had a barrel of water brought and put in the next room and the bung taken out so that when the water ran out it would make that sucking sound. Then he had a boy go up on the roof and haul a board across the shingles.

When all the different kinds of noises started at one time a look of calm content settled over the face of the old lady and in a few moments she had sunk into a deep and peaceful slumber.

"What was your idee for doin' all that, Doc?" asked Lafe.

"Easy enough," said Doc. "The deacon and that woman lived together for forty years, and when the deacon snored he made all of those kind of noises at the same time. That poor woman is dreaming right now that the deacon is sleeping peacefully by her side. It was this unusual quiet that was killing her."

* * *

A Gentle Thrust.

Mrs. Harding's rosy face wore so unusually serious an expression that her husband inquired at once if anything had gone wrong. "Didn't you have a good visit with your old school friend that you hadn't seen for twenty-five years?" he asked.

"Yes, really I did, James," said Mrs. Harding, as she slowly folded her scarf and laid it on the table, patting it thoughtfully. "But things that I'd forgotten came back to me as I sat there with her in the hotel parlor. She's prospered in this world's goods, same as she used to be, and she hasn't changed one bit, far as I can see."

"Well, that must have been pleasant," said Mr. Harding.

"Ye-es," his wife assented; then she began to laugh. "I may as well tell you, first as last," she said. "It's only that Julia's kept a little way she always had, that used to kind of provoke us girls—a way of praising you, and making you feel as if you weren't of much consequnce at the same time.

"Now today she said to me, 'There, I told Cousin Mary that I knew you'd come right over soon as you got my note. I said to her that some folks would be provoked to think I'd been within five miles of 'em for a month and hadn't troubled to let 'em know, but that you weren't that kind—you were so good-natured and easy-going I felt sure you'd drop everything and come right over soon as I let you know.

"'And I told her I shouldn't dare ask anybody else to come Monday morning, when there's washing to be done, but you never minded being set back a little in your work, you were so good-natured.'"

"Well, that's all true," said Mr. Harding, stoutly.

"Yes," and his wife smiled at him as she gathered up her scarf with her hat and gloves and moved toward the door, "yes, it's all true—but—well, you're a man, James, and you wouldn't understand why I began to feel provoked—no, you never could!"

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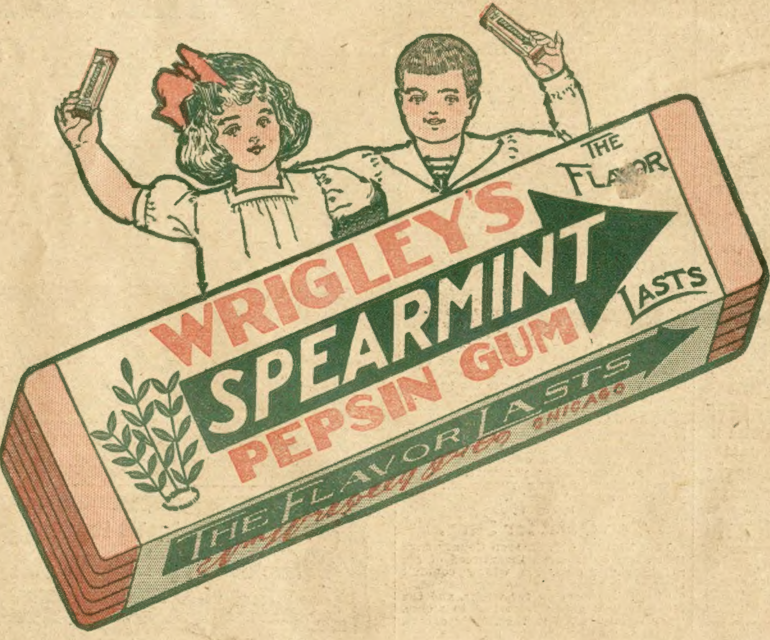
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